DECEMBER 1986

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.95 (inc GST)*
$3.95*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
CRAIG JOHNSTON
OUR MILLION DOLLAR SOCCER STAR

WHAT WOMEN WANT

BAD BOYS OF SPORT: ARE THEY NECESSARY?

IRON MEN
WHY DO THEY DO IT?

ZODIAC SEX
HOW TO PICK A PARTNER

Fresh is Alpine

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PLAYBILL

Okay, it's one of the most hectic months of the year. The prelude to the festive season. The mad chaos of Christmas shopping, office parties and sumo-sized hangovers. Trust Australian PLAYBOY to come up with the perfect tonic to all that festive frenzy. An easy-to-digest, good-looking issue to put you in just the right mood for a devilish December.

What *do* women want for Christmas? Poodles, pearls, Ferraris and five-star holidays? Not necessarily. In *What Women Want* **Susan Kurosawa** tells how to win her heart with feminine and frivolous gifts. (Tip: no crotchless knickers or cookbooks!)

The slippery-dip state of the Australian dollar is a matter close to all our pockets. We sent **Steve Bunk** to spend a day in the life of a money dealer, those young whiz-kids who gamble with our beleaguered buck. His *Risky Business* article has been illustrated by **Chris Payne.**

In the sports department, we commissioned ex-amateur surfing champ **Nick Carroll** to find out what makes an iron man tick. In Guy Leech he found a man determined to stay on top to reap the financial rewards. Carroll's *Will Of Iron* is partnered by photography from **Peter Simons**.

Still on a sports theme, contributing editor **A.D. Aird** spent many hours questioning soccer superstar Craig Johnston for an in-depth Playboy Interview. It's a candid, conversational read in which Johnston talks frankly about the World Cup, his million-dollar transfer to champion club Liverpool, and why he'll never play for Australia. And, in a thought-provoking Sport column, **A.D. Aird** examines the bad boys of sport. Are they really necessary? If we stop them being larrikins, does the game suffer? Would we pay to see a well-mannered McEnroe? Does it give you the shits being asked so many questions?

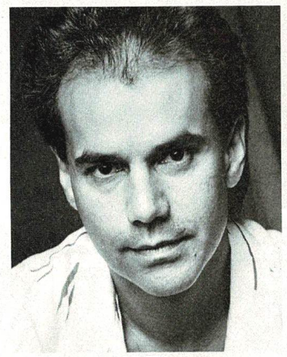
Sorry, let's be serious for a moment. Let's move on to the vital matter of beautiful women. And, oh brother, do we have some beautiful women for you this issue. To start, there's **John Kelly**'s irresistible pictorial of Coral Hampstead. This long-limbed, tropical temptress loves to languish on the beach and we just couldn't help calling her spread *Coral Viewing*. (Note: nothing you *ever* saw from a glass-bottomed boat looked like this!) Our divine Miss December is Donna Edmondson who must be the best-looking real estate agent in the *world*. Photographers **Arny Freytag** and **Stephen Wayda** tell us they're pretty sold on Donna and we have a feeling you will be too.

Freytag's second assignment this month (how *do* these guys get such jobs?) was to photograph Devin de Vasquez. Devin first appeared in our July 1985 issue; since then she has been a winner on TV's *Star Search*. Well done, Devin!

Are you cool? You know, the sort of guy who always used to come late to class, sat at the back balancing your chair on one leg while striving to carve the perfect pair of breasts on your desk, and *still* passed? **Mel Green**'s *The Art Of Being Cool* is dedicated to the Joe Cools of this world. It's all about how to hang loose and go with the flow, man. As Marlon Brando, arguably the world's most notable Joe Cool, put it in *The Wild One*, "The idea is to have a ball." Thank you to **Geoff Kelly** for some, well, cool artwork.

Fashion editor **Vitek** and photographer **Chris Lemech** present some cool, casual and comfortable styles for a dazzling summer. **Bettina Arndt**'s Sex column is, as always, packed with up-to-the-second news about what's going down around the world, and **Richard Beckett**'s Booze column looks at the growing popularity of those delicious Italian wines.

And that's the way Australian PLAYBOY ends 1986. Most definitely with a bang, not a whimper. See you next year!



GREEN

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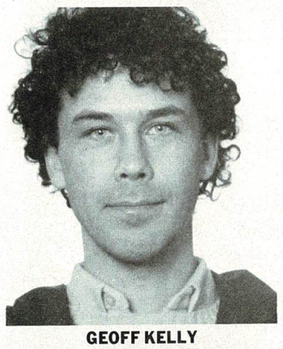

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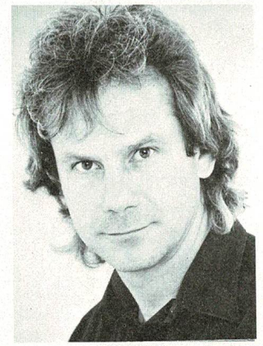

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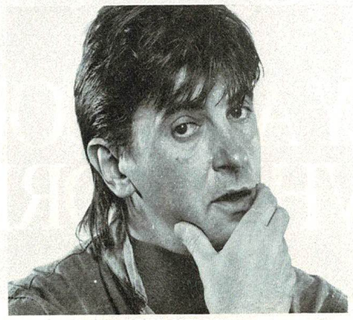
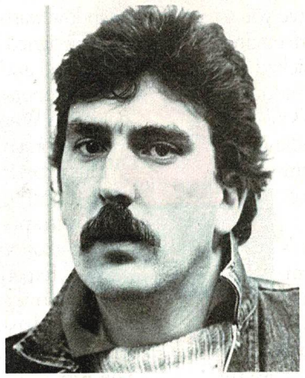


JOHN KELLY

SIMONS



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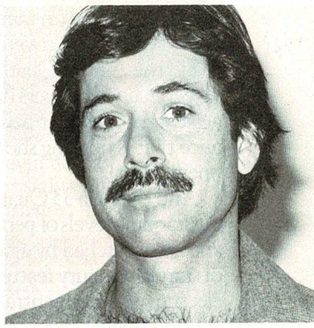

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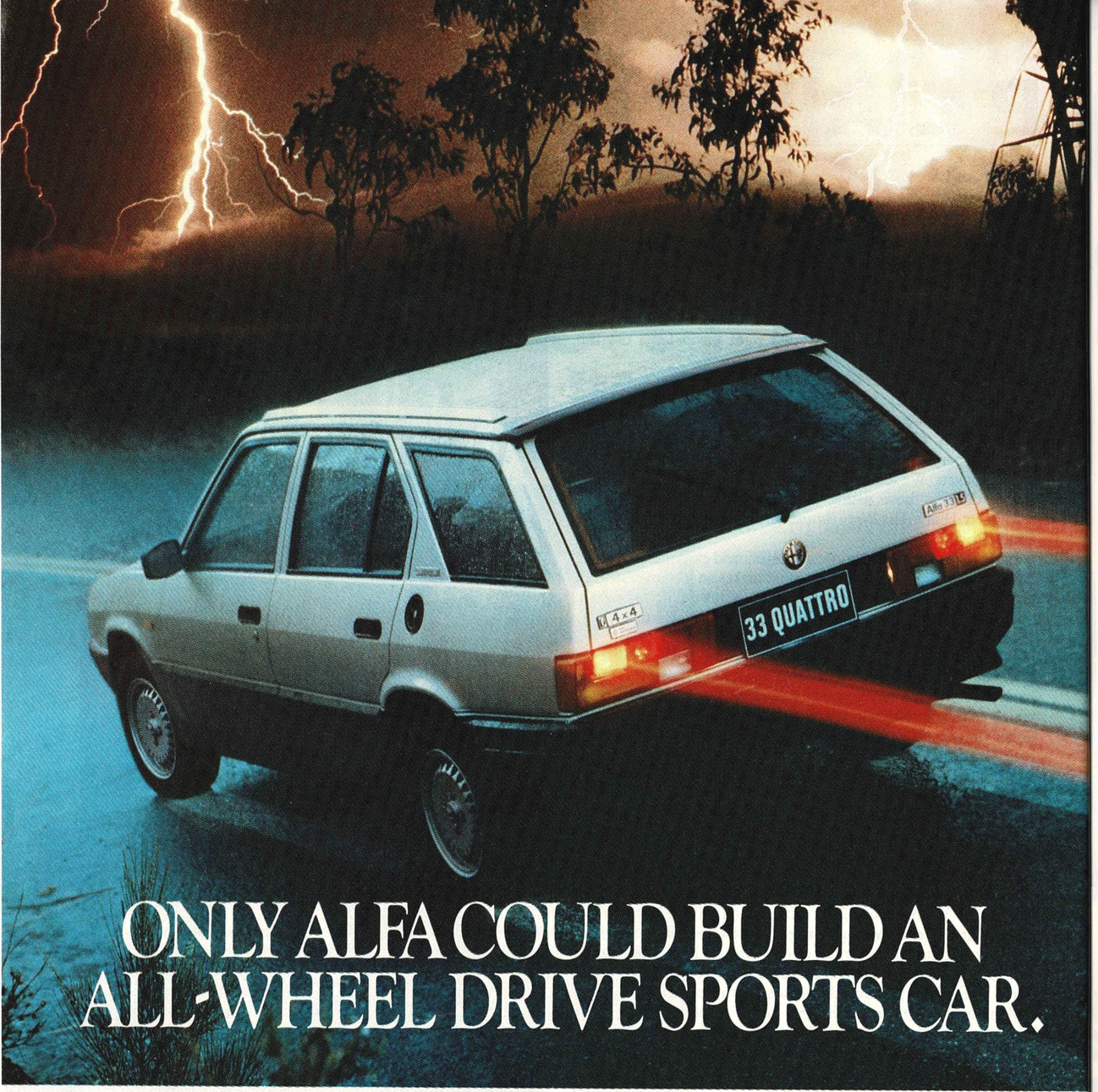

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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December 1986 Cover: Coral Hampstead. Photographed by John Kelly.

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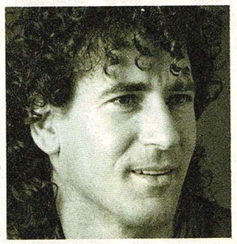

Soccer superstar Craig Johnston reveals why he'll never play for Australia.

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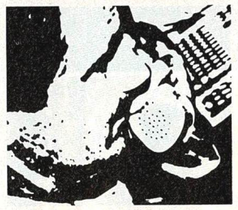

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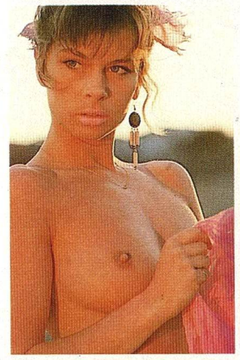

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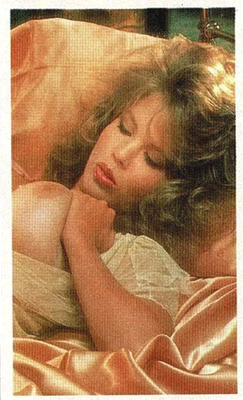

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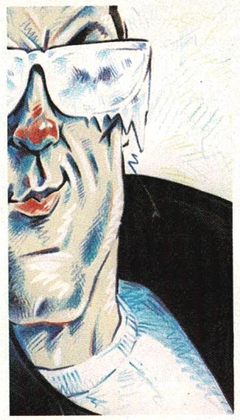

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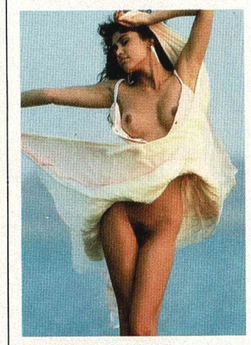

Devin de Vasquez has her sights set on new horizons.

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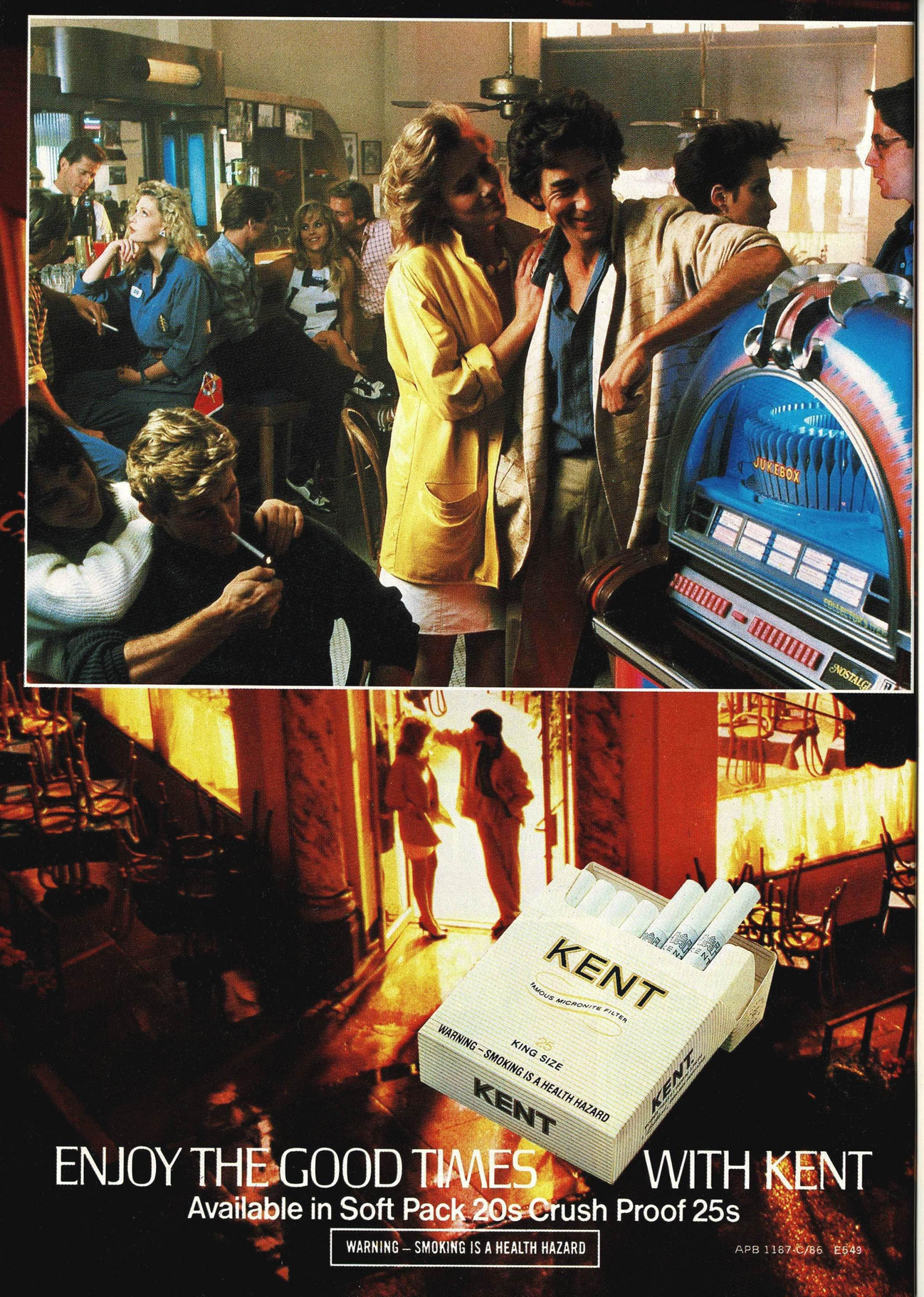


DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

IMPERFECT DISCS

David Wilson's article on Compact Discs in August was a breath of fresh air. Too many people have been carried away by the advertising blurbs and have failed to realise CDs do not necessarily produce perfect sound.

Keep up the good work and, by the way, isn't it time we read more about Susan Kurosawa's exploits in Japan? I've been waiting since February 1985 for a follow-up!

Dermot Walsh,
Sunnybank, Qld.

DOWN THE SWANS

I didn't think much of the Playboy Interview in the August issue with Swans coach Tom Hafey. As a true-blue rugby league supporter I'm sick to death with all the publicity that the VFL seems to be getting in this state. It's bloody disgraceful the way that my fellow New South Welshmen are supporting this sissy game from Victoria.

And you're just making things worse by publishing stories about Geoffrey Edelsten and the Sydney Swans. It gives me the shits. I'm really pissed off with you, PLAYBOY. Betcha don't print this.

The Hulk,
Newtown, NSW.

Betcha don't use your real name — Ed.

GENTLEMEN FIRST

First the bouquets. Love the new-style magazine started in August. And, without a doubt, that issue has the best line-up of girls since you started publishing.

Now the brickbats. Why, oh why, do you insist on putting the Women segment by Cynthia Heimel and Susan Kurosawa before the Men? Australian PLAYBOY is the last bastion of maleness left in this country. Please keep MCPs like me happy and put males first.

Bruce T. Chalmers,
Ferny Hills, Qld

Good one, Bruce. You've just set the Women column back 20 years — SK.

AIDS INFO

The information about AIDS in the July issue was very helpful and also cleared up some misconceptions about the disease and how it is transmitted.

Name withheld,
Nedlands, WA.

I must congratulate you at Australian PLAYBOY for *AIDS Update: Myths And Realities* in the July issue. The information was presented in a logical and easy-to-read fashion without the sensationalism and hysteria that characterise many of the newspapers in this country.

I now have a much better idea of the history and ramifications of the disease. Thanks again, guys.

S.P.,
Ashfield, NSW.

ALL IN JUNE

I must congratulate you on the June issue of Australian PLAYBOY. I especially enjoyed the interviews with Kathleen Turner and Jeff Fenech. I also liked reading Bruce Williamson and Graham Barry's round-up of *The Year In Movies* which was spot-on with regard to the 10 worst movies of the year.

K. Mitchell,
Paralowie, SA.

FELICITY FAN

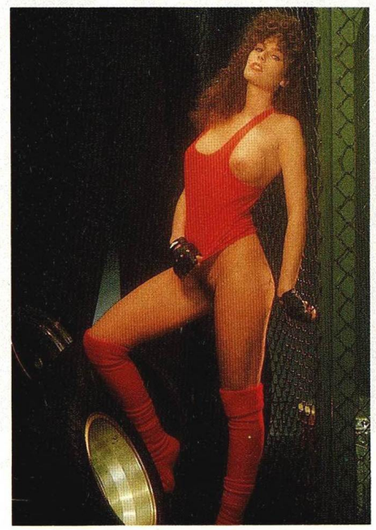
I moved to South Australia from the West three years ago and all that time I've been trying to convince my family and friends back in sandgroper country that the women here in Adelaide are really hot.

Now, thank heavens, I can show those sceptics some proof. I refer, of course, to Miss October, the racy Felicity Collins. Now there's a *real* woman for you. And she's just a sample of what Adelaide has to offer. It's not really such a staid place, you know.

More Felicity, please.

Fred B.,
Glengowrie, SA.

Well, you did say please. Here's our favorite pit stop girl — Ed.



FULL OF FUN

I'm a real fan of your monthly Party Jokes page (and you've published a couple of mine over the years). It's the first section I turn to each month (*then* I look at the Playmate Of The Month). No, I'm not mad, I just love jokes.

The best present I was given last Christmas was a copy of your *Book Of Laughs* which kept me entertained throughout the Christmas holidays. Any chance of a follow-up book?

Peter McF.,
Ainslie, ACT.

Look out for the Playboy Book Of Party Jokes, on sale around Australia in time for Christmas — Ed.

$20 A LAY — AND THE REST!

Let me congratulate you on an excellent magazine, great reading, and the pretty pictures are even better. After perusing *Asia On $20 A Lay* (June '86), I thought you might be interested in my experiences.

I have just returned from a two-week stay in Pattaya Beach, or should I say Rip-off Beach. I don't want to be known as a "Cheap Charlie" (as the local girls call a skinflint), but I do think your readers should be warned of the sort of treatment you can expect from the hotels both in Bangkok and Pattaya Beach.

After spending a couple of hours in a bar in Pattaya I met this lovely lady who I felt I just had to have for the night. However, on reaching the hotel desk, the young lady was asked for her ID card (which was taken from her), cards were filled out (four in all), entries were made in the hotel ledger (all in front of other guests) and to top it all off, I was asked for 450 baht (approx $27) as "extra guest charges".

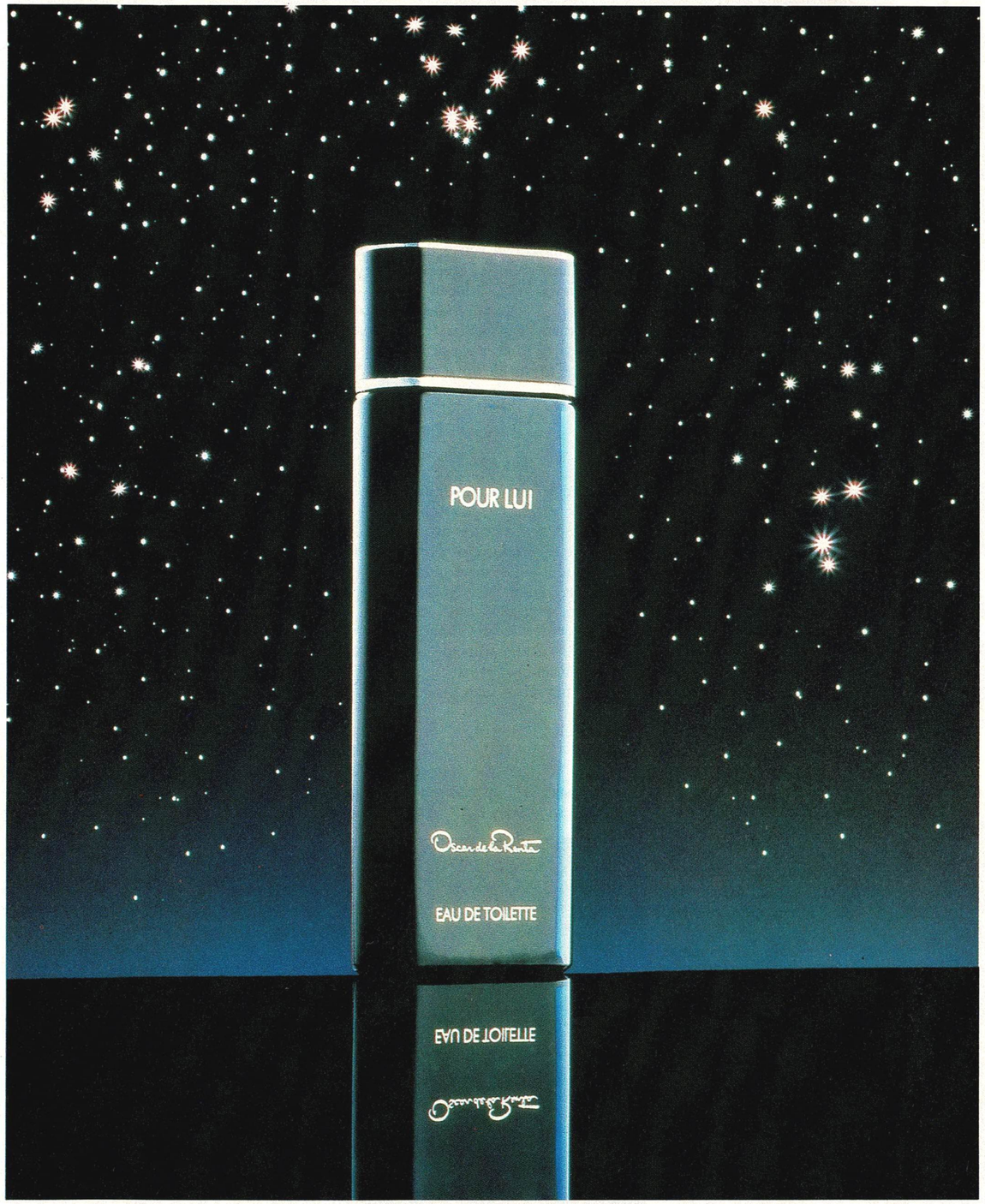
So although a girl may only charge between 400 and 600 baht, the overall cost is very much more. Add to this the fact that a small can of Foster's costs $4-$5, and you need a few of these to get you going. Even the local brew (Singha) costs $3-$4.

To the girls of Pattaya I give 10 out of 10. And I'm especially grateful to the two Poms who lent me $100 to get home. But to the hotels I say, up yours for the rent, you've lost me.

Kerry Urquhart,
East Doncaster, Vic.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA



DISCOVER A CLASSIC FOR A MAN.

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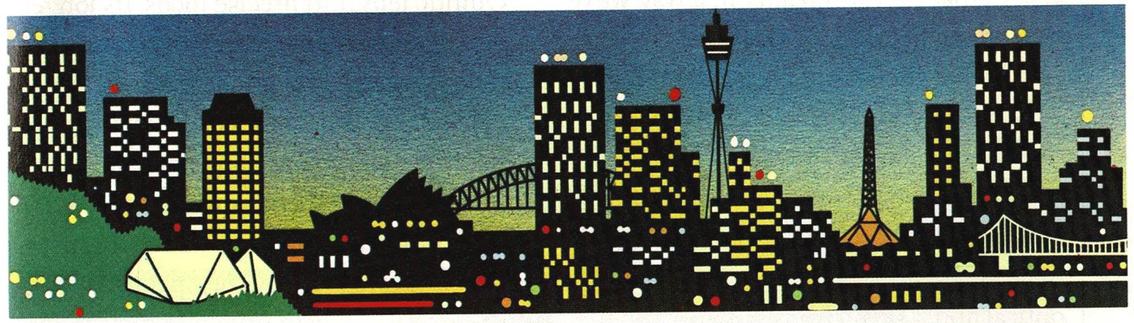
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MOTHERS-IN-WAR

Every stand-up comic cracks gags which make his mother-in-law sound like some fire-breathing old dragon. You know the patter: her mouth is so gigantic she can eat a watermelon sideways, and she's so ugly that the tide is scared to come in when she's sunbaking on the beach.

In real life, too, mums-in-law sometimes come in for their fair share of heckling. A woman in West Germany, for example, was tied in a sack and dumped on a compost heap by her postman son-in-law. The postie was fined $200 but later commented to the local newspaper: "It was well worth it!"

An office worker in Vienna knew his mother-in-law was allergic to garlic so he hung cloves of it all around his house. Every time the old stick came to visit she would break out in a hideous rash.

But sometimes the old dears strike back. A court in Melbourne was told that during an argument with his mother-in-law, a man urged his dog to bite her. The dog refused but the woman then bit her son-in-law on the thigh, landing him in hospital for a couple of stitches. She was fined $100. And *her* comment to the presiding judge? "It was well worth it!"

MOBILE HOMES

A Finnish man thought he had found the perfect answer for moving his house from Finland into Sweden without paying any customs duty. He simply dismantled the building and drove across the border hundreds of times with pieces of the structure in the back of his van.

He successfully rebuilt the home on his new site but then things started to go wrong. Neighbors became suspicious of his pre-fabricated building arrangements and reported him to police. He was arrested, charged with smuggling a house into Sweden, and jailed for six months.

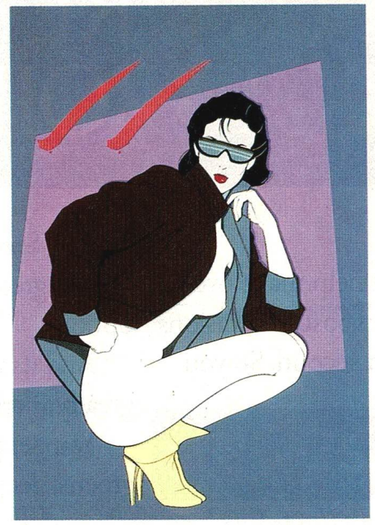
That Finn, however, has small-time problems compared to the Auckland man who was the victim of a terrible practical joke. A hoaxer placed a bogus ad in the local newspaper announcing: "Free building materials from a complete wooden bungalow. Bring tools and help yourself."

The ad gave an address in Auckland's outer suburbs. The owner had gone away for the weekend and worried neighbors were unable to contact him. When the man arrived back home, he found a rubble-strewn shell. The property had been purchased a couple of months earlier and was not insured.

"I still can't believe it," the distraught man told the Auckland police who have been unsuccessful in tracking down the hoaxer.

JAPANESE JOHNS

The call of nature may lure many travellers to Japan's sylvan retreats, but when it is heard in the Ginza Daimaru or the Roppongi railway station you might be unprepared without the new *Toilet Guidebook*, which lists 450 free toilets in banks, department stores, games centres and railway stations and even rates them on a five-star system. Yoichiro Yamazakai, the guide's editor, will answer your next question: "Stress for businessmen is on the rise, and they are often hit by diarrhoea when they are out on the job," he says. "They need to know where to find a toilet in a hurry."



COKE ADDS WHAT?

Yes, they do have advertising in the People's Republic of China, but this capitalist practice is not without its difficulties. The chairman of the country's National Advertising Association recently announced to the media that problems had arisen with a new slogan chosen by the Coca-Cola company.

Seems the phonetic translation of the advertising jingle meant "Bite The Wax Tadpole". The chairman then advised the press that the slogan had been altered to mean "Let Your Teeth Rejoice".

BYO PAPER

We've heard there's a paper shortage in certain parts of the world, but this is ridiculous. In the Sri Lankan capital of Colombo, doctors are refusing to write out prescriptions unless their patients bring along their own sheets of paper.

A sign outside one of the city's major hospitals bears the sign: NO PAPER: NO MEDICINE.

PRACTICAL CHAP

An advertisement which recently appeared in the personal columns of a West German newspaper announced: "Middle-aged farmer would like to meet a girl with tractor with view to marriage. Please send photo of tractor."

TOURIST CLASS TRAVEL?

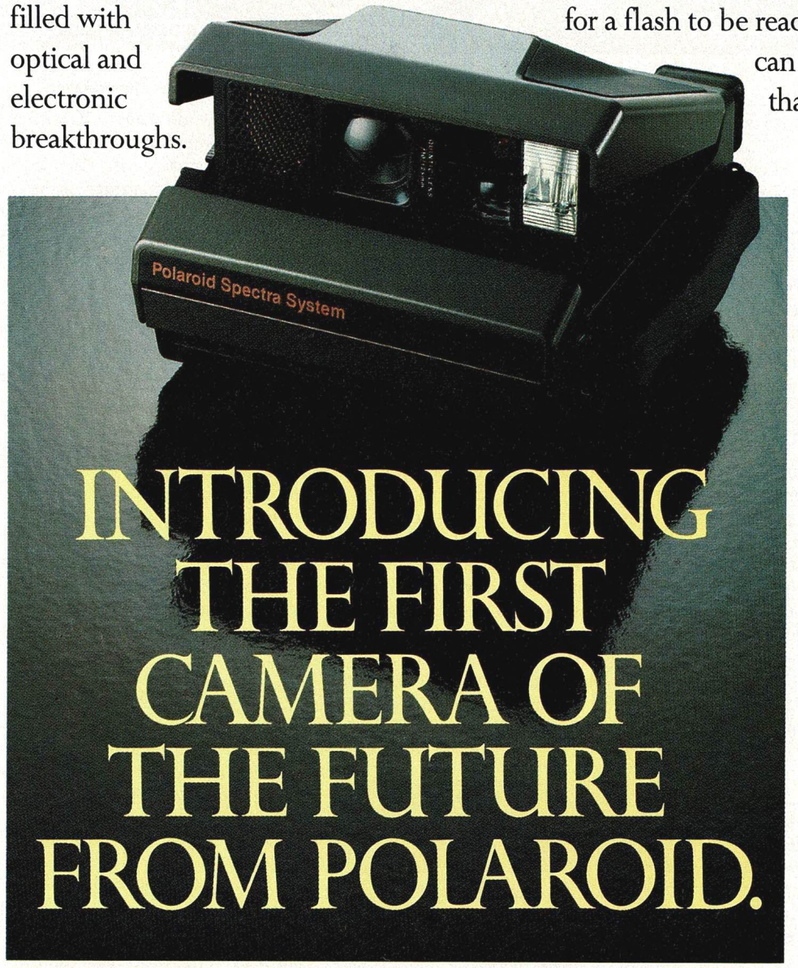
Passengers and customs officials thought they were hallucinating when they saw an old man being disgorged from a baggage carousel at Sydney's Kingsford Smith airport recently. A terrorist? A fetishist? An escapee from the Gold Coast's Pokey Express? Wrong. Seems the poor man decided to go for a walk while he was in transit between New Zealand and London and ended up on the tarmac. Unable to retrace his steps to the transit lounge, he found himself in the baggage-handling area and was advised to walk up "that chute" to get back to his plane. And, like the woman who tried to smuggle a homemade cheese in her top-knot, the rest is history at Sydney airport.

Introducing a revolutionary photographic system that captures reality in a way we've never done before.

The new Polaroid Spectra System.

THE CAMERA. THE VERY PICTURE OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

Continuing a long tradition of Polaroid innovation, the Spectra camera's interior is filled with optical and electronic breakthroughs.



In all, over 40 advances.

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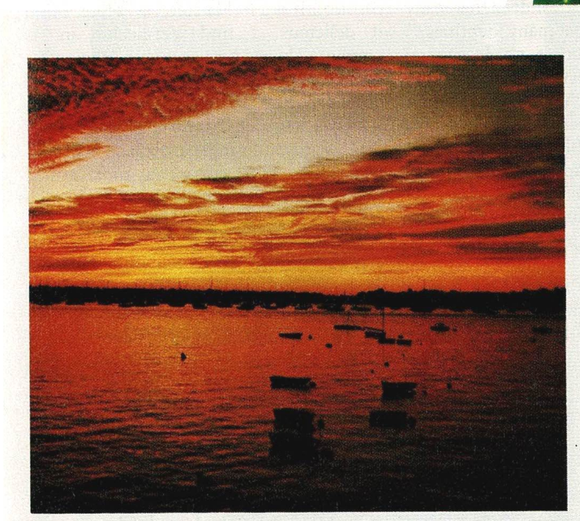

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BOOZE

While you're out savoring the delights of spaghetti and fettucine, why not try Italian wine as well?

Until quite recently, anyone who was out to impress in the wine division and perhaps had more money than sense used to whip out a bottle of something with a French label on it. It didn't really matter what was inside the damned glass container.

It was all rather silly, mainly because importers of French wines (and the French themselves) used to treat the Australian market with as much contempt as they did the American and that of the Republic of Chad. One bought the label all right, but the contents were often less than interesting. Those days have thankfully passed (I mean we have been deemed by the French to have more sense than the Americans, although I am not sure where we stand at the moment in relation to Chad).

One of the reasons for this second-rate export drive was very few Frenchmen actually lived in Australia, so no Froggy ethnics were around to blow the whistle.

It has always been different with Italian wines imported into this country, mainly because of the large number of Italian migrants who take the same keen interest in the alcoholic fluids of their homeland as they do in their own soul food.

The other thing about true Italian wines is that in their homeland they have never been surrounded with mystique. The Italians don't talk about vintage years with the same fanaticism as the French.

But for years, non-Italian Australians regarded these Italian imports (if they regarded them at all) with suspicion, mainly I suspect because no one wrote anything about them — until about a year ago that is. It was then that they suddenly became fashionable, if not trendy.

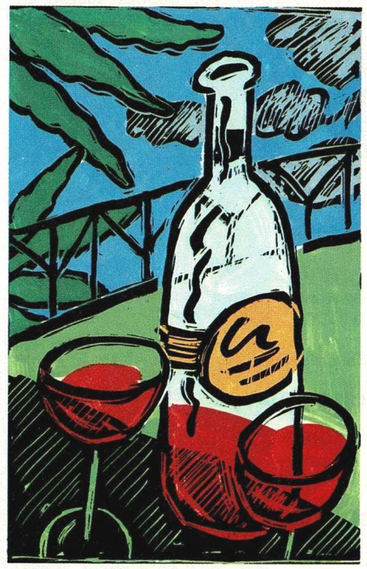
However, before you rush out and buy a mixed dozen of Italians there are a few things worth knowing. The first and most important is that many Italians like their reds either semi-sweet (*amabile*) or very sweet (*dolce*) and they treat them as dinner wines. If the thought of a sweet drop with, say, a steak or a veal chop makes you feel a bit off, the reds should be avoided. I must admit I've never been able to cope with them at meals, although they are not bad drunk semi-chilled while lolling about the verandah on a summer's afternoon.

Other terms that turn up on Italian wine labels include *secco* (dry), *classico* (highest quality) and *riserva* (aged, for usually a minimum of three years); and then the colors — *bianco* (white), *rosso* (red), and *nero* (very dark red). *Spumante* means sparkling, *frizzante* semi-sparkling and *liquoroso* indicates the wine has been fortified.

The Italians also follow the crazy Australian style of giving every wine a different name depending on who bottles the stuff. This caused one wine expert to state a few years back: "There is always a faint air of unreality about any complete list of Italian wines. There are indeed that many names, but are there that many identities?"

The answer is, of course, no. In general the wines take their distinctive flavor from the district in which they have been produced unless (just like Australia again) they have been wildly blended. This caused the same writer to remark: "Some proud local traditions [*meaning base wines*] go straight into the blending vat every year to emerge as anything from Australian wine to beaujolais."

Those are the traps in choosing Italian wines. Now to the styles. In the sparkling division, spumante, either sweet or semi-sweet, is Italy's everyday festival answer to the champagne style. Although much of the spumante sold on the Australian market these days comes from the Riverina in NSW, the best is still imported if you are partial to sweet bubbles. The venerable firm of Martini and Rossi exports from its Turin headquarters a tolerable Asti Spumante for around $11 and the Piedmontese firm of Barbero and Figli has an Italian Spumante (that's its official name) for about $8.



Sparkling burgundy, made almost exclusively by Seppelts in this country, started making a comeback just when that firm decided to stop making it. Although Seppelts has started to make it again in an attempt to chase public taste (which rejected it in the early 1960s), those who have a liking for this sort of wine could try Lambrusco, which is a red *frizzante* wine from around Bologna (of spaghetti sauce fame). On its home ground, it is usually self-carbonated and often quite dry. But most of the exported stuff, which retails in a screw-top bottle, is artificially carbonated and runs around $6.

But now to some up-market stuff. Three whites that are quite readily available from either Italian-run or quality liquor outlets are Soave from the Verona region, Verdicchio from the east coast Marches (as they are called) and Corvo white from Sicily. Soave, which can cost you, has the highest reputation (particularly if it is a *classico*). It is a rather soft, flat white. I find it delicious. I find Verdicchio in its amphora-shaped bottle equally delicious.

An English wine writer, who had obviously had an appalling day on Italian sweeties, once described it as "mercifully dry". Verdicchio goes particularly well with *plain* fish dishes (say, a nice grilled snapper), but tends to get swamped by rich food.

My personal favorite for more than 10 years is the Sicilian Corvo white (there is also a Corvo red, but I don't care for it much). It is a very hard wine with an underlying brandy or spirit taste and is splendid with pasta, veal and fish dishes. However, it also has the strength to match quite a rich beef Italian stew.

Of the reds, Barolo from Piedmont, with an extremely high alcoholic content, is about the best. It is a very smooth and full-bodied wine. Tremendous in fact. Two other good reds are Barbaresco and Freisa.

And now we get at last to the wine symbol of Italy: chianti. From the outset, if you want a good chianti, look for the black rooster on the neck label of the bottle (and not all chiantis come in straw-covered flasks). Outside of that the best chianti (when you can find it) comes from the vineyards around Castello di Brolio.

A good chianti, such as Brolio, is an excellent medium dry red. Unfortunately, in the past there has been some mucking around with the wine by the unscrupulous. So even if you don't find the Brolio brand, look for that rooster as it's the official seal of approval of the *consorzio chianti classico*.

Anyway, just for a change at Christmas, surprise your friends and go Italian. You'll be amazed what a bottle of Verdicchio can do for a dozen oysters and a plate of prawns. And serve the chianti quite cool, not at summer room temperature.

— RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

Owning a holiday home may not make economic sense but it sure can be good for the soul.

Practically every weekend, at resort developments around Australia, ordinary investors are being told how to make extraordinary profits by investing in holiday real estate. The pitch is usually the same: for a small deposit, you can own a holiday house which will earn you extra income, provide you with a weekend and holiday retreat and give you an appreciating asset that you can sell one day for a substantial capital gain. How true are these claims? The answer depends on your financial circumstances and on the type of holiday house you buy.

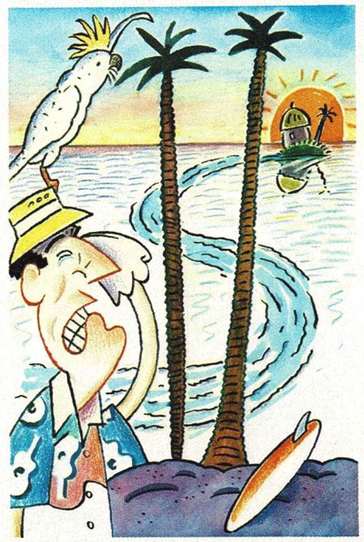
As every real estate agent will tell you, more fortunes have been made through property investment than any other way. They are doubtless correct. But not all property purchases turn out to be lucrative investments. Take time-sharing, for example. Time-sharing began overseas, when developers found themselves unable to sell condominiums. In desperation, they hit on the idea of selling the use of a unit for one or more weeks per year to people who could not afford holiday houses. Time-sharing resorts spread to Australia several years ago and now operate in most states. Prices can range from around $4000 to $8000 or more for a one-week share (plus a yearly maintenance fee), but whatever time-shares represent, they are not real estate investments. The reason is obvious: even a $20,000 increase in a unit's value translates to less than $400 for a one-week share, which is hardly a killing. Besides, at $4000 (and up) per week, most units are grossly overvalued in the first place.

Those who buy traditional holiday houses and units have a much better chance of turning a profit, but changes to the tax laws have made this considerably more difficult than in the past. The most important tax law change concerns what has come to be known to all during the past year as *negative gearing*.

Negative gearing is accounting jargon for real estate investments in which tax-deductible expenses exceed the rents received from tenants. In the old days — prior to 17 July 1985 — the excess could be used to reduce income from other sources. Say, for example, you bought a $100,000 unit in Surfers Paradise with the intention of using it as a holiday house and renting it out the rest of the time. Naturally, you didn't have $100,000; all you could come up with was $10,000. So you borrowed the remaining $90,000 at 16 percent interest. This produced a yearly interest bill of $14,400. Because you borrowed the money to produce assessable income, the interest constituted a business expense. (To keep things simple, we will ignore the time you occupied the unit.) Naturally, there were other expenses as well. Management fees, rates, and repairs added another $1100 to the yearly costs of running the unit. Together, therefore, interest on the loan and other expenses totalled $15,000 each year.

Although there were many weekends when the unit remained empty, you did manage to collect $6000 in bookings per year. This left you with a $9000 net loss ($15,000 - $6000). You subtracted this $9000 from your salary of $40,000 from full-time employment, producing a net income of only $31,000. In this way, you effectively got the government to shoulder part of your loss by forgoing the taxes which would have been payable on that $9000.

Well, that's how things used to work. And they still do for those who bought property before 17 July 1985. For purchases made after that date, however, new rules apply. Suppose, for example, you bought the same unit for the same terms as those already described. Under the new rules, you must first deduct your operating expenses from the rent you receive ($6000 - $1100). The remainder ($4900) sets the upper limit to your interest deduction. Thus, although you paid $14,400 in interest, you can only deduct $4900. The rest ($9500) must be carried forward to where it can be added to the following year's property expenses balance.



Because the same formula applies each year, excess expenses (in effect, losses) will continue to be accumulated until the property is sold. At that time, the accumulated losses can be applied to reduce any capital gain. Clearly negative gearing rules have made owning a second home much less lucrative than it has been in the past.

To offset the effect of the negative gearing rules, the government now permits holiday houses to be depreciated at a rate of 4 percent per year. On our $100,000 unit, this could mean a deduction of $4000 per year.

In practice, however, the deduction will be smaller as it only applies to the building and not to the land on which the building stands.

Negative gearing is not the only tax law change to affect property investors. They must also contend with capital gains tax, to which all holiday houses purchased after 19 September 1985 and sold at a profit will be subject. This tax will be applied at the taxpayer's highest rate and will apply to any *real* profit made on the sale of the property. Real profit is whatever is left over after the effects of inflation are fully taken into account.

Thus, if the inflation rate is 8 percent per year for the 5 years after you buy your $100,000 unit, and you then sell it for $200,000, your $100,000 profit is reduced by 40 percent (8 percent x 5 years) to produce a real profit of $60,000. If your holiday house was being rented, then your taxable gain can be reduced even further by applying the undeducted losses accumulated over the preceding five years. Although this reduces the tax, it probably will not eliminate it.

From a financial viewpoint, then, the new tax laws have greatly diminished the attraction of vacation property. Negative gearing is no longer possible and you must pay tax on real capital gains. But money isn't everything: there are also psychic awards to be considered. Owning a second home may provide you with a welcome retreat from normal life — a place "to get away from it all."

But I cannot help but think that the same benefits can be achieved by other means. After all, you can rent units, houses, and hotel rooms at any resort in the country at any time you want. What's more, you can go somewhere new each year. You need not get involved in complicated accounting to do this and you won't have to worry about mortgage payments. In today's high-interest climate, you may be better off putting your money in the bank and booking into a hotel than buying a vacation home. — SETH GREGORY

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WOMEN

As if females weren't difficult enough, there's also the problem of their star signs.

No, don't tell me," he breathed, fingering his jade beads and smoothing his caftan. "Yes, yes, I've got it. You're a Taurus. Short brunettes in red dresses always are."

"Bull," I spat. "You wouldn't know a Taurus if she charged you in the balls."

He nervously sipped his cask red and sailed off in the direction of the cheese dip. Seems astrological mumbo-jumbo has not gone the way of Peruvian ponchos, incense sticks, psychedelic posters and all the other trappings of the soul-searching '60s. Yes, as standard party patter, the star sign game lives on. Here, then, are a few pointers to help you sort out the females of the firmament:

Aries (*March 21-April 20*): These women are terrifyingly independent, bloody bossy, and always try to run a relationship like a business corporation. They thrive on imaginative sex but change partners as often as they do typewriter ribbons. They keep their briefcases by the bed. Basically, these dames would give up men altogether if their vibrators could mow the lawn. It takes an ambitious Sagittarius or stable Leo to handle an Aries woman.

Taurus (*April 21-May 21*): The sign of the bull traditionally indicates a stubborn streak and, yes, Taurus women can be especially bloody-minded. Even if the new purple polka-dot curtains she's bought for the bedroom refuse to get on with the orange ostrich feather quilt, she'll hang the damn things up anyway and pretend it's all so exquisitely new wave it hasn't even arrived yet. She's possessive and passionate, and it requires a sensual Scorpio or level-headed Virgo to successfully mess with a Taurus dame.

Gemini (*May 22-June 21*): As the sign of twins, Gemini females often appear to be drawn in totally different directions. She's a real chatterbox, given to theatrical gestures. Gemini girls even babble on in bed and require firm, frequent kissing to shut 'em up. She's not a homebody and it's a rare Gemini who can tell one end of a mixmaster from the other. Freewheeling Libra or an exceptional fellow Gemini make the best suitors for this gregarious star sign.

Cancer (*June 22-July 23*): When they're up, they're bright, bubbly and heaps of fun. When they're down, these women are a pain in the arse. But they make devoted wives, responsible mothers and sensational secretaries. They rarely scrub up as efficient mistresses as they are possessive, territorial, hate to share, and are given to making *scenes*. Sexy old Scorpio and sensitive Pisces make the perfect matches for a Cancer lady.

Leo (*July 24-August 23*): Leo ladies preen a lot and love mountains of male attention. She's generous with her favors and finances and is the type who would kill for her man. Her confidence can be daunting and she has no time for men in lavender T-shirts who don't eat red meat. Don't take her on unless you have the muscles and the mind to match hers. Recommended prey for extrovert Aries and virile Aquarius.

Virgo (*August 24-September 23*): These females are *so* neat they'll whip the sheets off the bed and launder the wet spot before you've even realised you've *come*. They make sincere, ardent lovers and marry for absolute keeps. If you want a spanking clean home, a well-organised social life, children who don't pick their noses, and a devoted partner, snare yourself a Virgo. If you're a player, however, and she finds you out, expect her to bite your balls off, buddy. A businesslike Capricorn or dependable Taurus suit Virgo just fine.

Libra (*September 24-October 23*): These women are a dead loss without a decent man around. Like exotic hothouse flowers, they thrive on intimate, long-term care. Libra women make lousy one-night stands. They also make godawful housekeepers as they hate pesky domestic chores which interfere with their fresh manicures. To cope with one you need to be a domineering Aries or a wealthy fellow Libra with a live-in maid to do the work.

Scorpio (*October 24-November 22*): These females are hot stuff, sexually aware, often unfaithful and rarely boring. They're secretive sorts, given to white lies, mysterious phone calls and clandestine activities. Their girlfriends don't really trust them, especially with their husbands. If she tells you the earth's just moved, you can bet she's lying her tits off. Scorpios are often high-class whores and topless waitresses. An adoring Cancer or sharp Aries are the best bets to keep a flighty Scorpio in line.

Sagittarius (*November 23-December 21*): She's an ambitious type, often setting goals way beyond her reach. She may whimper with a sense of almighty failure if she doesn't achieve multiple orgasm during her once-yearly vaginal smear test. She relishes her freedom, loves social outings and, if you ask her what she's making for dinner, she'll say a reservation. She's buoyantly optimistic and won't hesitate to do the chasing. Men she's likely to pursue are Gemini intellectuals and fellow fun-loving Sagittarius.

Capricorn (*December 22-January 20*): She can be a mite dreary in bed but responds well to a guiding hand. Capricorn women often have low expectations in life and are far too polite to express disappointment at the dimensions of your penis. She's usually a hard-working, old-fashioned girl who shivers at any hint of scandal. They breed like proverbial rabbits and lie about being on the Pill. Ideal Capricorn partners are practical Virgo and peaceful Pisces.

Aquarius (*January 21-February 19*): These dames make useful mistresses and de factos as they are petrified of marriage. They are slightly eccentric and usually prefer to live alone. They keep cats. The unpredictable nature of Aquarius females manifests itself in hundreds of crazy ways. She thinks nothing of ringing you at three in the morning for a chat or demanding oral sex at the traffic lights. Many men find her tiresome but a whacky Leo or broad-minded Taurus thrive on the inventiveness of Miss Aquarius.

Pisces (*February 20-March 20*): If you can get her to lift her nose out of a romance novel for long enough, the Pisces woman makes a wild and passionate sexual partner, even if she *is* fantasising you're Richard Gere. They are endlessly creative and possess a highly developed sense of humor. Never expect her to know how to change a light bulb or stuff chooks. Only a tender Cancer or horny Scorpio with well-developed kissing techniques and enough spare cash to keep her in Mills and Boon novels need apply.

And now, before I leave you, just remember if you should find yourself chatting up a short brunette in a red dress at a party, she'll be a Pisces. I should know.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

MEN

Drown you, maim you, even make you miss your wedding: the buck's night is another weird ritual of mateship.

Buck's nights aren't really such weird occasions. Or are they? The crew go out, swill down as much piss as possible (along with other substances too socially unacceptable to mention here), come up with as many and varied ways of making fun of the poor bloke off to the evil G-clamp of matrimony as they can think of, and eventually stagger home, hoping there's a spare pair of socks around for the next day's big event.

Good, healthy stuff, surely? All part of the endless ritual of what the US pop psychology brigade calls "male bonding" and we normal Aussies merely tag as "mateship". Not odd at all.

It wasn't until I'd come back home from my own recent bucking, shivering from the late winter chill of having my pants forcibly removed and my pale, drunken frame hurled bodily into the seething ocean, that my wonderful wife-to-be opened my eyes to a totally new side of this wacky Australian tradition.

"Christ," she said, or words to that effect, "this is *disgusting*!"

Why was she so upset? "It's okay, dear," I gagged. "They were just being friendly to me."

"Friendly!. . ." She was almost speechless. Almost. "Just imagine if *I'd* been dragged down to the beach and had my clothes ripped off by a bunch of hoodlums! How would you feel then, eh? It's. . . just. . . *weird*!"

Pissed as I was, that set me thinking. After all, it *was* pretty weird. Stuffing litres of deadly poison down someone's neck before stripping him naked and trying to drown him may be everyday occurrences in less civilised climes; but here in Oz, more than anywhere, we reserve such treatment for that one special night before a bloke is about to make one of the biggest moves of his life.

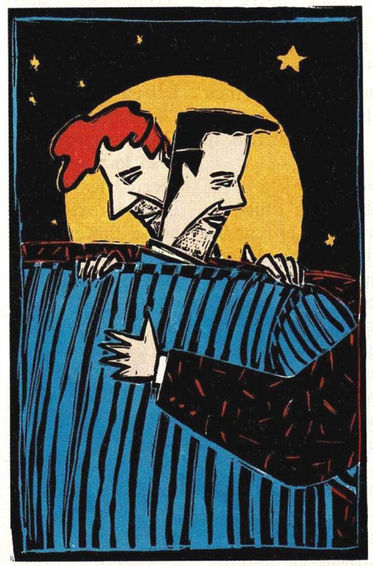
True, the social freedoms of the '80s are making some impact. Recently one of my more enlightened acquaintances, no doubt overcome with emotion at the approach of the great occasion, broke every rule in the buck's-night book. He hosted his *own*, invited as many women as he did men, drank nothing worse than champagne, and even avoided the post-piss-up thrashing so revered by the rest of his chauvinistic chums.

But the weird old ways hang on. Another of my acquaintances, presumably less enlightened, blithely set out to celebrate his own impending doom only a few nights after the enlightened one's gracious pre-nuptials.

Some six hours later his so-called mates left him noxiously unconscious in the back of a taxi 30km from home and heading the wrong way. No one saw him for two days. Finally he returned, a broken man muttering revenge, while his mates split their sides laughing. That was a *real* send off, they reckoned.

Question is: why do we *do* these things? Are we secretly trying to prevent the marriage — as in the classic case of the poor demented bridegroom who came to on a railway siding in Alice Springs on the morning of the day of his Gold Coast wedding?

Are we trying to convince him of the glorious joys of bachelorhood, usually quoted as the reason for the buck's night tradition? A last fling, so to speak? Fat bloody chance we have, by ruining the poor bugger's health, of convincing him of anything except our basically corrupt, degenerate natures — and he knew about that already.



Are we trying to punish him? After all, he's committing one of the most grievous sins open to a bloke — bailing out on his mates! The swine! So what if Doreen's got a bun in the oven, for Chrissake? A *real* larrikin would tell her to get it fixed, or do the bolt interstate for a few months. And while we'd all be appalled at such utter dickheadry, I suspect many men might secretly chuckle at such a blatant avoidance of responsibility. Still one of the boys! Not grown up yet!

And *that* brings us to another of those American pop psychology terms — the Peter Pan syndrome. (Jeez, it must be easy to be an American pop psychologist: you just go and dig up a few old nursery rhymes, a chunk or two of great literature and a brace of fairy stories, stir 'em around, wait for something to surface and write a book about it. Can't wait for the "Jack and Jill" complex! But I digress.)

The theory behind the Peter Pan syndrome goes something like this: even when men are growing older and taking on more responsibilities (such as work, steady relationships and community service), deep inside they cannot bear the thought of being *really* grown up.

In short, they want to stay little boys, just like Peter did in J.M. Barrie's classic children's play, and they will make their own lives an incredible misery in order to keep those responsibilities at bay as long as possible.

Looked at along those lines, the buck's night as punishment begins to sound reasonable, marriage often being a prelude to a family and responsibilities of horrendous proportions.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the marrier's mates, bitter and twisted beneath their carefree exteriors, take it out on the scumbag, secretly cursing him for abandoning the hectic lifestyle to which they've condemned themselves and turning over a new leaf.

Phew! If that's what really goes down at buck's nights, they're weirder than my wife suspects. But, at the risk of turning into an American psycho-popster, I have another theory of my own which might have some appeal to you.

It's simple. Being big, strong, supposedly insensitive males, we just find it hard to say all the things we're feeling at the time. Like how much we love our soon-to-be-married friend. How we remember all the outlandish times together with a fine glowing glee. How we want to see him succeed in the life to come. So instead, we try to kill him.

Think about it. How often have you called your best mate a bastard? How often, when you've felt like hugging him, have you punched him, kicked him or (in extreme cases) tackled him?

Shit. . . this is a good, healthy Australian tradition we're talking about here and it's about time you learned to appreciate it!

So if you're getting married in a few days, or weeks, or a month, and you're getting nervous wondering if your mates are going to do to you what you all did to the last bloke who tied the knot, relax. I mean, the worse you end up, the more they love you.

— NICK CARROLL

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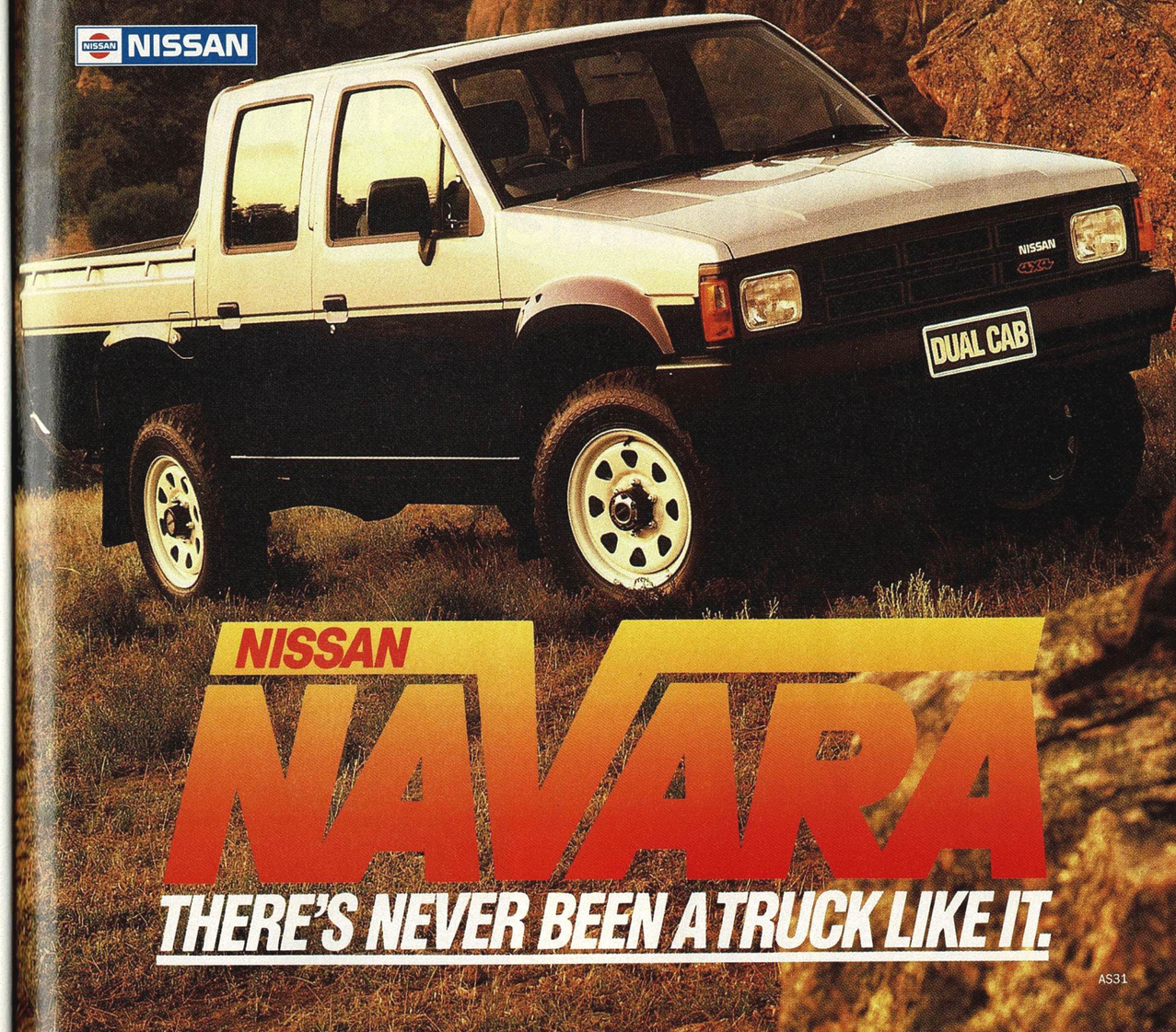

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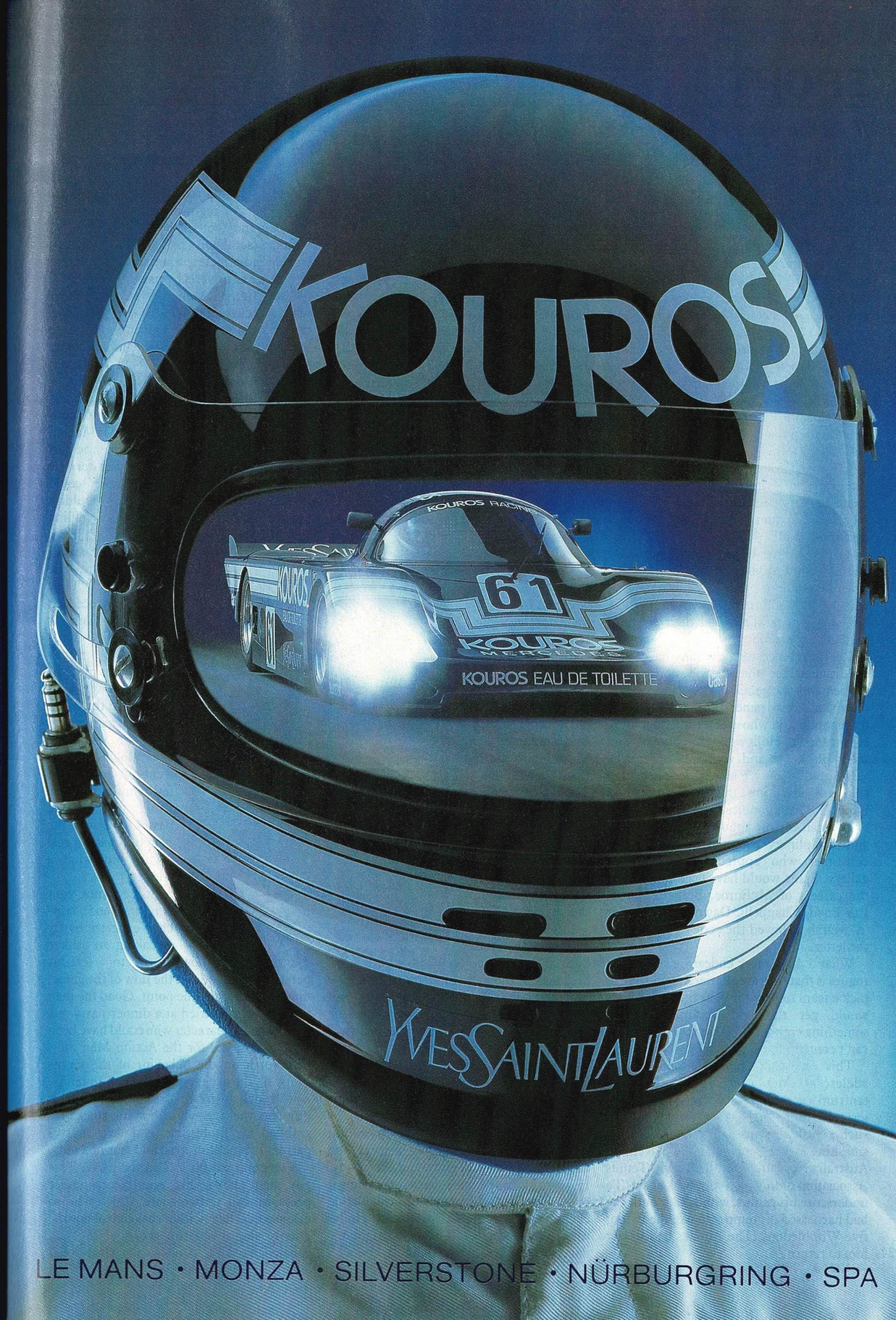


SPORT

If we tame the McEnroes of this world, sport will be so darned dull. Besides, will they play any better?

The man staring malevolently through the catgut grid was McEnroe. "Clever advertising, this," I thought. The image on the London poster said it all: "They're trying to cage the Brat. Come and watch the bad guy do his bit at Wimbledon while the high propriety set says kick him out if he desecrates our tournament."

Who, then, was more in touch: the blazer boys up to their gills in tradition and gin, or the ad-archists with their senses so attuned to public fancy?

The memory of that poster plastered all over London that summer serves to remind me just how much we missed McEnroe earlier this year. Let's not talk about propriety and form; sport as an entertainment industry needs its share of bad guys, rebels and rogues. Life without them is downright dull!

And it's always been the case. Don't for one moment kid yourself that professional tennis's amateur predecessor was as lily-white as the uniforms worn by the players. No way, Andre! They had their quota of tantrum tossers too.

The difference today is fans have been conditioned for the contribution of the nasties and the rebels. We're almost into television's third generation and that makes for a population whose entertainment lobes are attuned to Hollywood stereotypes. You see a black hat and your monitor reads: "Bad guy". You see a pink designer-label silk suit and you think: "*Miami Vice* bimbo". That's conditioning for you.

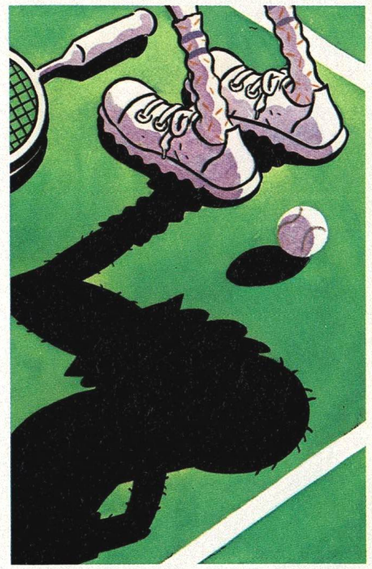
You can tut-tut about codes of conduct and disciplinary penalties but this is one consumer who appreciates his rogues' gallery. Sport would have been duller, had the careers of McEnroe, Botham, Jacko, Les Boyd, Chappelli, Dawn Fraser, Lillee 'n' Marsh followed the code of conduct to the letter.

What I find most endearing about the rogues is that they are all triers. If you had to pick a team to play for your life, these guys would get the nod because there is something embodied in that rebel spirit that can't contemplate defeat.

This is what coaches saw in the adolescent Borg when the Swede was a tantrum case. Incredible as it seems, the icy-calm Borg, as a 17-year-old, caused such a stir by belting balls out of court and smashing locker doors when he played the Australian circuit that the Lawn Tennis Association didn't want him back again. To underscore his genius, within 18 months he had harnessed his temper to win the first of five Wimbledons. The Aussies had to beg him to return.

And maybe that's another reason I champion the cause. The wowsers who can't cop the antics tend to let their criticisms cloud the truth. Most members of the rogues' gallery have had to do it the hard way. Dawn Fraser came from tough, working-class origins and, despite spending most of her career battling officialdom, was still the greatest woman swimmer. Lillee beat a back injury and the WSC backlash to emerge as the best. And Jacko has had to cart around an individual's personality often too big for the game to accommodate.

Attempt surgery to remove that rebel ingredient from the player's psyche and you usually remove the competitive zeal along with it. You see, you can't separate the part from the whole: in many cases, the rogue streak is the very cell that drives the competitor and gives him the will to win.



Sport is nothing as drama unless there is an economy-size serving of passion. And you can rely on the aforementioned types to supply or contribute largely to that ingredient. Take this year's Wimbledon final. Did you fall asleep or are you an insomniac? Iron Mask Ivan v Boring Boris! After that I did handsprings at the news that Mac the Brat had worked his honeymoon out of his system and was ready to chase the number one tennis slot yet again.

Passion, that's what we want. While I dozed through the '86 Wimbledon fiasco I dreamed of those monumental Connors v Borg encounters with Jimbo grunting with sheer exertion as he powered from the backline, hitting every shot like his nuts were riding on the outcome. At the other end prowled the Ice Borg with a visage that was either cold-hearted assassin or silent hero, I could never quite decide. Here was Jimbo, an original bad-ass Yank who by virtue of sheer never-knew-how-to-quit grit had won the grudging respect and finally the affection of just about everybody. He wore his heart on his sleeve, eyeballing it over the net with the most coolly calculating champion the game has produced. Hollywood producers sell their neighbors' daughters for scripts like that!

Some sporting societies are less tolerant than others of roguish excess. By now US baseball and football have learned to live with the fact that it takes all types to make a world, and athletes, whether well-behaved or not, are extroverts by nature.

Take Jim McMahon, star quarterback with the current Super Bowl champions, the Chicago Bears. He's given the finger to authority for most of his professional career so you can imagine what sort of dude he was in college days. He's no Mormon but he went to Brigham Young and immediately ran hard up against the college's non-drinking, non-swearing ways. McMahon, the guy who was later told to dress the part on away trips and appeared on an interstate flight in a preacher's dog collar, could handle official censure, but he wouldn't accept losing. With Brigham Young trailing in one match by a seemingly unassailable margin, the coach called "Time Out" and proceeded to give the team his "you've-tried-hard-but-maybe-next-week" speech. McMahon went apeshit, called the coach everything under the sun for peddling loser's logic and then went out in the final few minutes to throw four touchdown passes and win the match. That's a real rogue, but what a winner!

So next time your neighborhood armchair expert or barfly is baking an athlete for having the bad form to let his personality intrude on the flow of the game, don't just concede the point. Goad the man a bit. I saw this tried at a dinner party one night when a character who could have been used as a model for the Action Man dolls held forth on the behavior of the tennis brats. As the exchanges increased in tempo and the debate grew more competitive, this guy was the one who blew his stack. He grabbed his protesting (and very pretty) partner by one slim wrist and stormed out.

The point wasn't lost on the party. This guy had shown his real colors under pressure, but unlike those athletes he so despised, he had neither the control nor the guts to slog it out to a worthwhile conclusion.

— A.D. AIRD

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SHOWBIZ

Fear and loathing in Chicago, Pamela Stephenson's Dear Departed and Australian Crawl's final lap.

CAR WARS: If they were to make a movie of Chicago Vice it would probably come out looking like *Running Scared*, a wise-cracking police thriller which is raised out of the ordinary by the somewhat strained relationship between an undercover police car and the Windy City. Although the nominal stars are black dancer **Gregory** *(Cotton Club)* **Hines** and *Saturday Night Live*'s **Billy Crystal** as a couple of beat-up, happy-go-lucky plain-clothes cops, the real star is their beat-up, happy-go-lucky automobile. "Why do the bad guys get all the good cars?" they protest as they tow drug baron

Running Scared: This garbage truck eats cars — with Billy Crystal and Gregory Hines inside!

Julio Gonzales's Mercedes away, only to have him steal theirs in turn, along with their trousers, and return it even worse for wear. Whereupon the police workshops proceed to transform it into a fair imitation of a taxi-cab — with bullet-proof glass. The high point of the movie is a hair-raising car chase along Chicago's famous El track in which every moment you're sure a train will appear round the bend to mash the cars to iron filings. In the end a train does slowly crunch the drug dealer's limo, but he gets his revenge yet again by feeding Crystal and Hines's taxi-cab to a city garbage truck, with them still in it feverishly trying to break through the bullet-proof glass. Director **Peter Hyams**'s previous successes have been science fiction pics like *2010* and *Outland*, which may account for some of the more spectacular effects he achieves in the chase and shoot-out scenes in *Running Scared*, but Hines and Crystal can take full credit for some very witty teamwork, while **Jimmy Smits** in his debut feature is a villain with a great future.

•

GATHER NO MOSS DEPARTMENT: **Mick Jagger** is getting farther and farther away from rock'n'roll. His latest passion is hot-air ballooning over Normandy. But the Jagger sense of humor is still intact: the balloon is shaped like a Harley Davidson. Still, the Stones frontman isn't about to give up showbusiness entirely: he is executive producer, co-writer and star of a new movie, *Running Out Of Luck*, described by CBS/Fox as a "musical comedy adventure". Although it was actually made for video, it had its premiere in theatres in eight major cities across the States; the producers claim it is more along the lines of *Purple Rain* than just some extended video clip and included in the cast are **Jerry Hall**, **Rae Dawn Chong** and **Dennis Hopper**. However, fans will be relieved to hear it is liberally spattered with nine songs from Jagger's solo album, *She's The Boss*.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

About Last Night Hilarious proof that men are deadshits. Stars Rob Lowe, but James Belushi and Elizabeth Perkins get the best lines. ¥¥¥¥

Aliens In which Ripley returns to *that* planet to finish what she started in *Alien*. Two hours of terror! ¥¥¥¥

Always Funny and painful by turns, director Henry Jaglom and his wife play out the story of their divorce. ¥¥¥

Blue City Banal pseudo-thriller with the two greatest bores in yuppiedom, Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy. ¥

8 Million Ways To Die Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette as ex-cop and hooker in edge-of-seat thriller. ¥¥¥

Evening Dress Big butch Gerard Depardieu takes odd couple house-breaking, then falls for male half. ¥¥

Ferris Bueller's Day Off 1986's *Back To The Future* with one of the great scenes: *Twist And Shout* with a cast of thousands. ¥¥¥¥

Highlander Chris *(Greystoke)* Lambert as one of the Immortals awaiting the Gathering which only one will survive! Outrageous, but so what? ¥¥¥

Legal Eagles Robert Redford jousts with Debra Winger *and* Daryl Hannah. Lucky guy! Pure entertainment. ¥¥¥

Psycho III Anthony Perkins tries, but Hitchcock's masterpiece should have been left alone. ¥¥

Ran Japanese version of *King Lear* turns into magnificent spectacle as rival armies fight for the crown. ¥¥¥

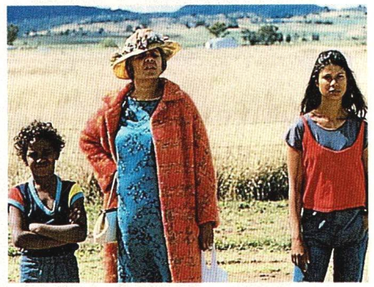
Short Circuit ET returns as US Army robot that does John Travolta imitations. Alas, all a bit stale. ¥¥

The Fringe Dwellers An authentic Australian masterpiece from Bruce *(Breaker Morant)* Beresford. ¥¥¥¥

Three Men And a Cradle French movie so funny they're remaking it for the US market. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't Miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good Show ¥ Forget it.

SHE WHO LIKES THEM BIG — AND CHEEKY: **Pamela Stephenson,** of *Not The 9 O'Clock News* fame, is back home in Australia doing her bit in a couple of movies. In the first of these, Philip Emanuel Productions' *Those Dear Departed*, she plays the lead (opposite **Garry McDonald**) as stage and screen superstar Max Falcon's wife, who murders her husband and then falls in love with him again when he returns to haunt her. The movie will be directed by **Ted** *(Gillies Report, Shout)* **Robinson** and scripted by **Steve** *(Elocution Of Benjamin Franklin)* **Spears**. At the same time she will be playing a smaller role in **Barry Humphries'** *Les Patterson Saves The World*. Pamela will have both her kids in tow so it is expected father **Billy Connolly** will make frequent visits to keep up with his brood.



The Fringe Dwellers, Denis Walker, Justine Saunders and Kristina Nehm, look longingly at a government house.

SWANSONGS: In 1985, what was unarguably one of our most popular bands, **Australian Crawl**, called it a day, after seven years of consistently great rock'n'roll, five successful albums, tremendous highs and one tragic low, the death of **Guy McDonough**. Fortunately their last concert was recorded live and has now been released as an album, called appropriately *The Final Wave*: it captures the brash spontaneity Oz Crawl were famous for and contains all the old favorites — *Errol, Beautiful People, Boys Light Up* etc — so grab a beer, think beach, girls, hot summer nights and remember the way they were. Another name from that golden era, ex-**Sports** lead singer **Stephen Cummings**, continues his successful solo career with *This Wonderful Life*, an album of self-penned numbers described as "like the darker side of **Barry Manilow** — the sort of album you could advertise through Australian singles magazines". And listen out too for **Naughty Rhythm**'s *Don't Touch Me/The Things I Like* which is getting lots of airplay.

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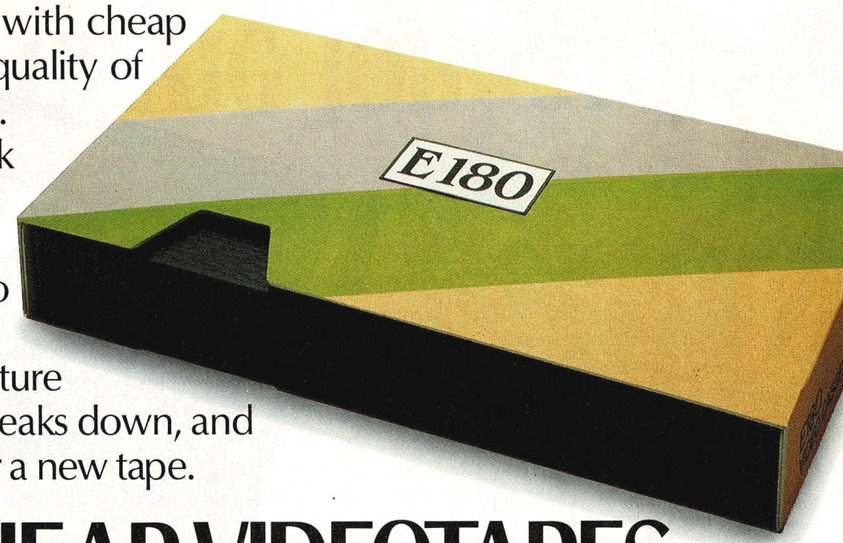

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CRAIG JOHNSTON

A candid conversation with our soccer superstar about the World Cup, his million dollar transfer and why he'll never play for Australia.

In sport, as in everything else, there are those events which compress the passage of an entire career into the moment. The images are usually laudatory — Bradman making that final Lord's entrance; Bertrand's dock-side wave at Newport; Barassi's defiant snarl; the gladiatorial stance of a bloodied Ray Price — and they retain a certain permanence.

Mid-stream in an astonishingly successful career, Craig Johnston is wondering whether his moment just swept by. It came 63 minutes into one of international sport's annual extravaganzas, the 1986 English Football Association Cup Final at Wembley. Liverpool's Danish midfielder Jan Molby found space on the right of the penalty area to chip a hot pass across the goal-mouth. The ball's speed beat Kenny Dalglish's attempt as the Liverpool player-manager tried a backheel. Instead, it carried beyond the far upright where Johnston arrived, unmarked and in a rush, to steer his shot past the stranded goalkeeper.

The photo used by most Australian papers was Johnston's celebratory leap. He had turned away to accept his teammates' acclaim for putting Liverpool 2-1 up against Merseyside rivals Everton in a contest the Reds were destined to win 3-1. Then he leapt, and somewhere a camera clicked. Putting the goal aside, The Guardian's David Lacey rated Johnston, along with two-goal hero Ian Rush, as Liverpool's "most consistent" in a result acclaimed as one of Wembley's greatest come-backs.

Before the goal Johnston was already acclaimed, by those who knew even a little about the scene beyond these shores, as Australia's finest soccer player. That Wembley moment guaranteed the rest of his countrymen learned the extent of his achievement.

It all served to cement the 26-year-old's place in public legend and attuned a nation in which soccer is not the dominant code to the magnitude of Johnston's accomplishment: surviving and shining in the most successful football club in the world's toughest league.

The Australian played a role in creating sporting history when the 1985-86 season saw Liverpool become only the third team this century to collect the League Championship-FA Cup Double. By the standards of the club that had won the championship a record 16 times (eight in the past 11 years) and had been four times champions of Europe, it was an exceptional season. As Liverpool closed on the championship, one scribe assessing the Reds' strength for a crucial match program described Johnston as the "driving force".

The FA Cup climax was made all the more momentous by the fact that Liverpool's Wembley opponents were their fierce Merseyside rivals Everton, rated by the international football press in 1985 as the world's best club side.

The post-Wembley reception back home in Australia was enormous. Within the space of a few weeks, Johnston had appeared on every national news program, chat shows, in all metropolitan press and at almost every major sporting presentation. Advertisers queued to have Australia's sports personality of the year lend his name to their products.

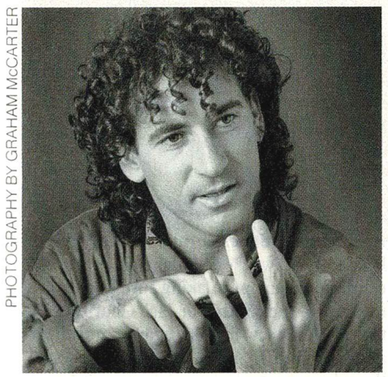
We were to learn of Johnston's single-mindedness in leaving home as a 15-year-old to win a professional contract with Middlesbrough and eventually become the subject of a $1.3 million transfer to Liverpool.

In economically depressed Liverpool, Johnston and his team-mates are the subjects of hero worship similar to that once reserved for the city's other great ambassadors — the Beatles. Being public property creates the challenge of civic responsibility and image. Those pressures have helped groom Johnston, the one-time unworldly Aussie, into a confident cosmopolitan with an educated dress sense.

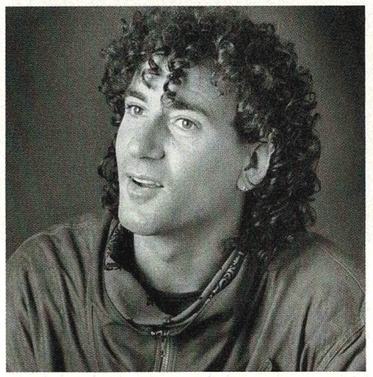
Despite all that and the six-figure sums which go with the job, Johnston has retained his Australian individuality, a brand of hard-edged independence that no amount of living abroad could ever destroy.

Australian PLAYBOY's ***A.D. Aird*** *travelled to Liverpool earlier this year to observe Johnston in his football environment. Says Aird: "The odds against an*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM McCARTER



"Everywhere I'd go in Liverpool, people would say things like: 'What did you do wrong? Get caught shagging the boss's daughter?' Now that's Merseyside humor."



"One day I was cleaning out the toilets when I heard Jack Charlton say: 'When you see that 'Roo, tell him to pack his bags. He's wasting his time here.'"

"I was totally unprepared for the (English) climate, the young Englishman's attitude to fashion and, worse still, a local art-form called Taking The Piss."

Australian not only winning a professional contract abroad but running up such an array of medals engenders awe. Craig Johnston gives the absolute impression that he would have succeeded at whatever profession he chose, such are his energy levels and determination. Yet he is eminently approachable and naturally good-humored. Travel and the disciplines of his craft have helped shape him into an athlete who wears the ambassadorial mantle very comfortably. That, as much as anything, suggests his best is yet to come."

PLAYBOY: When you left Australia at 15 to try your luck in England, did you envisage playing at Wembley and winning medals?
JOHNSTON: Of course. Every teenager has a dream of some sort. My dreams might have appeared unrealistic at the time but they gave me the motivation to go to England and battle for recognition.
PLAYBOY: But why England?
JOHNSTON: It seemed the mecca of world soccer. In those days the ABC showed English club soccer on Tuesday nights. We'd come to school next day buzzing about the exploits of the great British players of that era — Charlie George, Peter Lorimer, Charlie Cooke. In the same way as kids identify with top Sydney rugby league stars or VFL champions, we admired those guys we watched on TV each Tuesday night.
PLAYBOY: Why did you choose soccer?
JOHNSTON: I was growing up in a strong soccer environment. The game had been founded in our area by British immigrants who had arrived in Australia to work the coal mines around Newcastle and the Hunter Valley. My age group was the second or third generation of these mining families and I grew up with soccer being the number one sport at our local school and the local senior club as an object of community pride. We played at school, on the weekends and took part in the pick-up games in neighbors' backyards. Our high school wasn't all that big but it was, at least for a while, the best soccer school in Australia. At least half a dozen boys in the years immediately above or below me played top national league soccer and one or two went on to play for their country.
PLAYBOY: Did your parents influence you greatly?
JOHNSTON: I'm only beginning to realise how much. My dad was a topline player in Australia who travelled to the UK to improve himself. On the boat bound for England he met a young teacher who was heading overseas to take up a job in London and then see the world. By the time they arrived back in Australia ten years later, they were married with three kids. So you might say they had a spirit of adventure that I seem to have inherited.

My elder sister was born in England and my mum used to recall how I was almost born in England as well. In the weeks before my birth, dad would drag mum along to the soccer in London to watch Chelsea or Fulham. They couldn't have known that the soon-to-be-born son would travel back to the UK to earn a living running around on those soccer grounds. My folks took off for South Africa where I was born in a Johannesburg hospital. The family finally made it back to Australia when I was four. I've often been described as a South African-born Aussie and have even read that my parents were both British, but this is not quite the case. Both my folks were born in Australia and I've always considered myself an Aussie. I was brought up in Australia, think like an Australian, and know that when the job is finished overseas I'll return here to live.
PLAYBOY: Can you recall how you felt when you first arrived in England?
JOHNSTON: Complete culture shock. I was straight off an Australian beach and had very long hair. A 15-year-old Aussie surfie. I landed in Middlesbrough in the industrial north-east at a time when British industry was really feeling the pinch. Middlesbrough has had a great industrial past — in fact the firm that engineered the Sydney Harbor Bridge came from Middlesbrough. But those days were a fading memory. However, the local football club had just won the second division championship by a record margin and was back in the top league. Community pride is all-important and the locals were looking to the club to give them something to believe in.
PLAYBOY: How did you settle in?
JOHNSTON: Being a dumb Aussie and very young, I didn't understand any of this. It was enough trying to understand the local accent and getting them to understand me. I was totally unprepared for the climate, the young Englishman's attitude to fashion and, worse still, a local art-form called Taking The Piss. This is a line of humor in which working-class English specialise. It's very witty and its target is the individual and anything that contributes to his individuality. At times it appears very malicious but the trick is not to let it show that it's finding the mark because, after all, everybody gets a serve somewhere along the line.
PLAYBOY: Was the club impressed with your football ability?
JOHNSTON: On the contrary. And this is the saddest joke of all. By English standards I couldn't play. I was an impostor and the other kids knew it. It was humiliating because I knew what they were thinking. It is an incredible honor to get your foot in the door at a professional club and here was this Aussie who hadn't been recommended but had arrived simply by writing to the club off his own bat. These kids knew that they'd left mates behind who were twice the footballer I appeared to be.
PLAYBOY: What did you do?
JOHNSTON: I think I must have gone into a state of shock because I'd always imagined myself to be reasonably good. Training sessions became murder. The other lads would soon let me know what they thought of my ability. Mercifully, my six-month visa ran out and I had to return home with the club being thankful to see the back of me.
PLAYBOY: By then it was 1976, yet four years later Middlesbrough sold you to Liverpool for the record sum of £750,000 [*$1.3 million at the then rate of exchange*]. What happened in that period?
JOHNSTON: I thought I'd failed and I didn't want to see myself in that light, let alone have other people thinking that I'd gone to England and found myself out of my depth. My parents had paid for that first trip by selling the family home and moving into a smaller place. I didn't want that to be a wasted investment. I stewed about it for a while and then decided I'd like to go back to Middlesbrough and have another go. This time I'd be better prepared. My folks said okay providing I passed my School Certificate. I'd missed most of the year but worked at it and managed to scrape through. Middlesbrough were surprised to see me back but because I was paying my own fares and board, they were willing to put up with me for a while. I was paying £8 [*$20*] a week to stay. The other boys were being paid for by the club.
PLAYBOY: Did the football improve?
JOHNSTON: Not at first. In fact, Jack Charlton told me I was wasting my time and would never make it as a footballer so long as my bum pointed to the ground. That's just what I needed to make me work harder.
PLAYBOY: Who was Jack Charlton?
JOHNSTON: The boss — Middlesbrough's manager and a former great who played in England's 1966 World Cup-winning team. He was right in a way. I was hopeless, but I still remembered what my dad had said about hard work and rewards, so I kept plugging away, working harder than anyone else and putting in extra training to improve every part of my game, particularly the skill factor.
PLAYBOY: Did it work?
JOHNSTON: Not at first. One day I was doing one of the jobs expected of the trialists, cleaning out the baths or toilets or something like that, when I overheard Jack Charlton say to one of his staff: "When you see that 'Roo, tell him to pack his bags. He's wasting his time here." I thought that was it, but instead of despairing I kept my pretty head low and worked harder than ever at my training, meantime making sure I never ran into any of the coaches or Jack Charlton. By the time they saw me play again I must have done enough to make them have second thoughts.
PLAYBOY: What gave you cause for optimism?
JOHNSTON: The apprentices would play

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pick-up games after training and, as kids will do, the best players were picked first with the rubbish being left to last. The Aussie was always last selected so I knew where I stood. Then, the biggest day ever — I was picked second last and improved steadily from there. It did wonders for my confidence because it proved my extra work was showing results, and other people were noticing.

PLAYBOY: What would you rate as your first big break?

JOHNSTON: I suppose it would be the first time I played in the first team. I was 17 and the club was due to play an important FA Cup tie. John Neal had replaced Jack Charlton as manager and while I was still playing most of my football in the youth team, I'd had the odd reserve match and done reasonably well. The team went away to Jersey in the Channel Isles to prepare for the match and they took one or two apprentices including me to make them feel part of the build-up. One day I wandered off to explore a nearby castle which could be reached at low tide. I went to sleep in the late afternoon sun and woke up to find the tide in and me separated from Jersey by half a mile of water. I didn't want to cause a stir by being reported missing, so I jumped in and swam back to Jersey. This was January and the water was freezing! As luck would have it, one of our senior players faced a suspension and couldn't play in the Cup match. I was the surprise selection, and when the press got hold of the Channel swim story, they had a field day. I was 17 and the youngest player in Middlesbrough history to make his senior debut in a Cup match. We won, I played well, and shortly after signed a senior contract for the club. I thought I was made for life.

PLAYBOY: And weren't you?

JOHNSTON: No. I had the beginnings of what was to become a severe pelvic injury, caused, ironically, by kicking tennis balls on a concrete carpark. I returned to Australia in the off-season and, instead of resting, played for a local club and aggravated the injury. When the problem was finally diagnosed, I didn't kick a ball for 18 months. At one stage I was told by a doctor to forget about professional football. My career was finished.

PLAYBOY: How did Middlesbrough handle it?

JOHNSTON: I'm still unhappy about the attitude of one or two of their people. They thought it was psychosomatic and kept playing me in reserves. Meanwhile, I'd signed a contract which wasn't worth much unless I was actually playing. My fiancee Jenny had arrived from Australia and I'd put a down payment on a manky [*dilapidated*] old terrace house. Jenny had just finished her Higher School Certificate and she found herself working in a Middlesbrough pub to help support us. We were both still 17 or so and it was rough. The club carted me all round England in search of a cure until we found a man with magic hands who knew the answer — rest and protracted therapy. The injury was at the chronic stage and had spread from being a groin strain to affecting my entire pelvis right down to near my knee. The muscles in one thigh were starting to pull away from the bone. Bloody agony.

PLAYBOY: Was that the worst injury you'd had?

JOHNSTON: Yes. When I was younger I'd had an illness that had set me back but this was the first major injury. At one stage I thought the pelvic injury might have been a recurrence of my childhood problem which was a bone marrow disease called osteomyelitis. I had two bouts of it and I understand at one stage my parents were asked to decide between a leg amputation and the risk that the illness might spread to the rest of my body. You see, the pelvic problem was most evident in my thigh where the osteo had first appeared.

PLAYBOY: What did you do to keep yourself amused?

JOHNSTON: Tried to teach myself guitar, listened to music, read and worked on the house. It was a low period but I never lost sight of the idea that I would play again. I rested and did all the exercises to the point where my groin and pelvic area became so strong that I'm never likely to suffer any breakdowns again. I reported fit the following season and was so keen to make up for lost time that I blitzed 'em in pre-season training and soon found myself back in the first team. I was more mature, stronger and had thought a lot about my game during the months off with the injury. I started winning man-of-the-match awards, then BBC Young Player Of The Month trophies and I was asked to play at under-21 level for England. The press write-ups were glowing and I was aware that other clubs were taking notice.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to join Liverpool Football Club?

JOHNSTON: Transfer speculation had linked me with half the clubs in the first division but Liverpool hadn't been mentioned. There had been a few solid offers, including a press story that Tottenham Hotspur might pay a million pounds for me.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned that Liverpool hadn't been mentioned in the bidding?

JOHNSTON: Liverpool simply hadn't come into my considerations. Perhaps I didn't consider myself in that league, because there is no better endorsement for a player than to be sought by Liverpool. Two years previously they had signed Graeme Souness from Middlesbrough and he was then an exceptional player who went on to become one of the greatest in Liverpool's recent history. Maybe I had a mental block about Liverpool. The club's traditions can intimidate the individual. The first time I played there, I lasted just five minutes. My head was spinning so much that I didn't even think about the state of the playing surface. I used the wrong-length studs and ended up tearing medial ligaments in my knee. The sign above the tunnel says "This is Anfield" and every visiting player sees it as he runs out. It scares some of them out of their wits. Middlesbrough lost 5-0 the day I did my knee.

PLAYBOY: Which club was favored to sign you?

JOHNSTON: Nottingham Forest. I'd always played well against them and they had as their manager a man I considered, at the time, to be the best in Britain. His name is Brian Clough and he's a bit of a Ron Barassi and Jack Gibson rolled into one. He rubs authorities the wrong way but he's a real players' manager who had a lot of time for me. I needed a manager I could believe in and Clough, who had worked miracles at Forest, appeared to be the man. He'd taken a fairly modest club out of the second division to not only win the English first division title but the European championship. I was incredibly flattered to learn that Clough wanted to sign me. He had impressed me greatly and I was convinced I could do a good job for him.

PLAYBOY: How did Liverpool get into the picture?

JOHNSTON: I thought I'd remain with Middlesbrough until the end of the 1980-81 season, but the day before the transfer deadline in late March Middlesbrough were knocked out of the FA Cup in a mid-week replay against Wolverhampton. I received a call next morning that I was wanted down at Ayresome Park [*Middlesbrough's home ground*] where I was told that Liverpool were keen to sign me that day. This was something straight out of the blue. I felt I would have been betraying Brian Clough if I signed for another club without giving him a chance to at least talk to me, so I called him and told him what had happened. I told him I was going to Liverpool for discussions with their manager, Bob Paisley. Then I phoned my dad back in Australia and told him I had a choice between the best club and the best manager, which should I take? He said Liverpool. I drove down to Merseyside and came to an agreement with Bob Paisley and then told him I'd promised to phone Brian Clough with my decision. The Liverpool boss walked out from behind his desk and left me to make the call in private. Cloughie said: "All the best, son. You know, I'd walk to Liverpool myself if I thought I could change your mind. If it doesn't work out for you, just remember you'll always be very welcome at Forest."

PLAYBOY: There must have been times when you would have liked to have reconsidered Clough's offer.

JOHNSTON: Yes. My first two or three years at Liverpool had their stormy passages. It was all very unsettling and I often thought about accepting an offer to join another club, but my pride wouldn't let me.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong at Liverpool?

JOHNSTON: When a player joins Liverpool

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he has to adapt his style to complement the best squad in Britain. For a young player, it is almost like serving a second apprenticeship. Additionally, I had to beat my personal problem of being intimidated by Anfield and all it represented. I'm a midfield player and in that department Liverpool have always had plenty of resources. That meant I was competing for my first-team place against some pretty classy players. I thought I had all that solved until I ran up against Joe Fagan, the bloke who had replaced Bob Paisley as boss.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a personality clash with Fagan?

JOHNSTON: That's probably the best way to describe it. I thought he was trying to make a fool out of me. Not once, but on a number of occasions after I had been named player of the match, I found myself dropped for the following game. I put up with it for a while even though I knew it defied logic. Everywhere I'd go in Liverpool, people would say things like: "What did you do wrong? Get caught shagging the boss's daughter?" Now that's Merseyside humor for you. These people knew I hadn't been dropped for poor form, so they were looking for another reason. Johnston must have done something wrong, something so bad that the real reasons couldn't be aired in public. That was the general impression but it was completely wrong. The simple truth was Fagan didn't like me and that seems to have interfered with the selection process. That's when he lost my respect.

PLAYBOY: Yet Joe Fagan did have success in his first year as manager.

JOHNSTON: Yes, because he had inherited the best team in Europe. Bob Paisley's team. Fagan didn't like my Aussie attitude I felt he wanted me to crawl to him.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider he might have been right and you wrong?

JOHNSTON: I looked at the problem from every angle because all I wanted to do was play in that first team. If it was just *me*, then I might have doubted myself but after a while the fans and the press started getting on Fagan's back about it. I knew I was in a no-win situation after he dropped me for an important away game against Spurs when I had been playing very well. I went from being in the side to being second reserve, which means you get first-team money but are only called on to play if somebody gets ill on the trip. I told Fagan I'd rather play reserves than sit in the stand watching the first team go round. Then I stormed off. Nobody else would do that because it meant losing first-team money plus bonuses. But I had come too far and sacrificed too much to be humiliated by one person for the simple reason that he didn't like me. I could have accepted it if I hadn't been *good* enough, but I knew that wasn't the case.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get between you and Fagan?

JOHNSTON: Well, for a while there I didn't even bother fronting for training, which is just about the worst thing you can do. The pressure was unbearable and I was very dispirited. It was impossible to go out in Liverpool because there would always be those people who believe that managers are infallible and therefore I had to be betraying the club. Liverpool would have sold me then but Fagan would have looked bad in the club's eyes because I would have gone for much less than the £750,000 they paid for me. But at the back of my mind was the idea that I still had to prove myself at Liverpool. Transferring to another club would have let Fagan win. You see, they don't sack managers in those situations — they get rid of the player. It would have been a blot on my record if I'd run away. So I decided to stick it out, although it was costing me plenty in cash and worries. It was pretty hard on Jenny because we were trying to start a family then and we lost the baby. That was December '83; it was a pretty bleak Christmas.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you decided to stay on in Australia in the winter of 1984 rather than return to Liverpool on time?

JOHNSTON: Partly. We wanted to have our first child born in Australia. I felt Jenny needed the comfort and support of her family at the time and I wanted to be on hand. It was also an opportunity to distance ourselves from what had been happening in Liverpool with my career. My contract had expired and technically I was a free agent. That worried the club because they were sure I had stayed away to flog myself off to the highest bidder.

PLAYBOY: And had you?

JOHNSTON: I was looking for some breathing space. I had to find out where I was wanted. As it turned out Liverpool had a disastrous start to the season. Fagan's new signings were not performing and the team had its share of injuries. The season starts in August and I didn't return until October. By that time Liverpool were 20th in the league. I was back in the first team within a fortnight and remained in the side until Christmas. By then we were seventh and on a winning run. However, we suffered a surprise defeat at home. I'm critical of my own performances and I thought I'd played well. So had the papers. But not Fagan. He dropped me. It was back to the old pattern of whenever he wanted to make a change, I was the one he dropped. We had won the championship the season before but might easily have lost it during a spell when two of our best players, Ian Rush and Kenny Dalglish, were both out with injuries. But the Liverpool spirit got us through when everybody thought we would relinquish the championship lead. You don't take that sort of loyalty and commitment for granted, yet Fagan did. He resigned at the end of the 1984-85 season while I decided to stay on at Liverpool. That season we finished second to our Merseyside rivals Everton and everybody was tipping that the Liverpool reign was finished.

PLAYBOY: That impression would have been reinforced by the events at Brussels' Heysel Stadium before the 1985 European Cup final.

JOHNSTON: No doubt. One of the most sickening days in the history of the game. Thirty-nine people dead, families who lost fathers and husbands. . .

PLAYBOY: What are your recollections of that day?

JOHNSTON: As usual we had arrived at the ground almost two hours before kick-off. It is customary to walk out before you change and inspect the playing surface. During that stroll you usually go near the end where your club supporters are gathered to acknowledge their loyalty. On that day we noticed the area allocated for the Liverpool fans was already part occupied by a few thousand Juventus supporters. I think I was standing next to Sammy Lee and I said, "There will be trouble here for sure." You see, no club went to greater lengths than Liverpool to ensure the security of the fans and there was no way Liverpool would have abided rival supporters being ticketed for the wrong areas. Somehow, whether through touts or whatever, somebody in the Belgian ranks had let Liverpool tickets be sold to Juventus fans.

PLAYBOY: What sparked the riot?

JOHNSTON: I doubt if anybody will ever know the exact cause. Goodness knows, enough people have had their say and nominated everything from unemployment problems in Britain to the attitudes of modern-day players. There was obviously a panicked stampede among the Juventus supporters that put pressure on a brick wall causing it to fall. Most of those killed died in the crush caused by the wall coming down. By that time I was almost changed into my playing strip with only my boots to go when I heard the change in the crowd's noise and came to the top of the stairs in time to see the wall go. It was a nightmare. You could see hands reaching out of the jam of bodies in the hope that somebody would pull them out. Instead, the panic became worse as people tried to scramble over the heap. One man emerged from the mess with blood pouring from his face. Seeing my red shirt behind the meshed-in tunnel, he flung himself at the wire in rage. There was no doubting they saw Liverpool as the culprits.

PLAYBOY: Was there any suggestion later that the Italian fans might have panicked, not because they were in any real danger, but because they were worried by the fearsome reputation of British louts?

JOHNSTON: The British fan has a terrible reputation in Europe. So there might be some truth in that, I don't know. Ironically, Liverpool had played more games in Europe than any other English club, yet we'd probably had the least crowd trouble. But when you consider the magnitude of the tragedy, there is no way you can make excuses for anyone who might have

(continued on page 92)

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Steve Bunk meets the whiz-kid money dealers who gamble with our dollar.

IT'S 8.15AM WEDNESDAY, and the foreign exchange dealers' room at the State Bank of New South Wales has been awake for 45 minutes. On Monday, the Australian dollar had plummeted to its worst depths and

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

endured its wildest single-day swing in history, changing value by roughly 10 percent. Chief dealer Kim Elliott and his team took a bit of a bath that day, and now it's time to strategise for the coming fray.

Talk of tight-range trading, interest rates, trade balance figures and the condition of the US economy goes around the big room. As Elliott digests and comments on information from around the world, from his own dealers in yen, sterling, the Deutschmark and the Australian dollar, and from his corporate services experts, the sun goes slithering up the grey geometrics of skyscrapers in Sydney's Martin Place.

Someone adjusts one of the overhead monitors that show exchange rates for five currencies in banks around the world. Money market dealers, who work in the slower, more traditional world of interest rates, mingle at the far end of the room, against a backdrop of grease-pen notations on Eurodollar futures, prime rates and indexed bonds. On a facing wall, a line of clocks shows the time in Sydney, Tokyo, Singapore, Hong Kong, London, New York and Los Angeles. Something is about to happen, very soon. Tension trickles, like a slow-acting drug, into the organic thing that is this room.

8.30 — Not one call has come in yet from either a corporate customer or another bank. "They must all be a bit battle weary," says Adrian Jones, the spot Australian dollar dealer. Someone on the corporate desk tosses out a comment he heard from a customer yesterday: "Buying Aussie is like patting the dog that just bit you." It begins to seem that team leader Elliott's words of a quarter-hour earlier might be misguided: "If everyone's looking for it to be quiet, there's nothing more sure than it will be busy."

8.40 — Still no calls. "It might be the lull before the storm," Elliott maintains. Offshore investors are the ones to watch, he says, because Australia's high interest rates have attracted foreigners. The dollar's big slide of a couple of days ago was precipitated by two Japanese investors who liquidated their Australian portfolios in order to eliminate their large foreign exchange risks, he explains.

8.44 — The first callers ask for price quotes on the Australian dollar, but no trading is done. The feeling in the room now is of a team loosening up, doing a few stretches and exercises, far from taxed yet. They make a few phone calls of their own, to check on competitors' prices.

Suddenly, as if he has wearied of all the warm-ups, Elliott gets on the phone and starts buying Australian dollars from other banks. Jones follows suit and within moments they have $20 million, on paper, if not in hand. Elliott says his team's preliminary calls had revealed no one wanted to buy Oz dollars at the current price. His deduction is that potential buying pressure, probably from offshore, is the reason.

Normally, the bank's strategy would be not to hold a large sum of Australian dollars for sale, but Elliott is sure that the buyers will come — probably within the next half-hour. If they don't, his team may have to soak up a big loss when they try to resell the Australian currency.

9.01 — No delayed reaction to the State's big purchase has materialised, although another seller has appeared, offering the same price. Elliott sends young assistant dealer Mark Mackay to check the telex machine for foreign buyers. Nothing.

9.06 — At last, bids for Oz dollars begin to drift in, one of them from a broker, the others through the Reuters electronic system. Someone is underselling the State by two points (or 2/100ths of a cent).

"No, we're all playing golf here," Jones says into the telephone. "The whole room."

Allan Youle, who is Elliott's boss and the bank's forex head honcho, comes in to offer some news from a leading economist. Youle also mentions that last Monday was the most erratic day of trading in his career, which spans 25 years and several continents.

9.30 — Jones sells $7 million at Elliott's command, reducing the bank's "exposure" to $13 million. They do not make a big profit on the transaction, but the sluggish market is beginning to look too dangerous for a $20 million exposure.

(continued on page 102)

FOREX FAST TALK

For every foreign exchange transaction, the dealer has a one-in-three chance: the rate will either move up or down or it won't move at all. In any case, there's only one way the dealer loses. But how does the whole process work? Here's a simplified look at the trading method.

Each bank or financial institution has two basic functions in the foreign exchange area. Firstly, it services corporate clients; secondly, it services the currency exchange needs of other banks or financial bodies. In Australia, the average bank might do about 70 percent inter-bank trading and 30 percent corporate servicing, although every bank has its specialities in those two general market sectors.

In either case, the foreign exchange dealer's function is the same: to take the risk away from the customer. Dealers are always there as buyers and sellers. Although the bank can indicate a reluctance to buy or sell by the quality of the price quoted, they don't like to turn down a corporate client. By the same token, when another bank is the disappointed customer, it can always find a third bank to do the deal.

How and why does a bank buy or sell currency? Let's take an example. Say a corporate customer wants to import some goods from America. The customer needs American dollars to pay for the goods, and rings the bank to exchange Oz money for the US bucks. This is a big corporation, we're talking about an average-sized order of $A3 million to $5 million. The bank quotes a rate of, say, US0.6148 per $A1, and the customer agrees.

So the dealer commits his bank to exchange $A5 million for US dollars at the rate of .6148. However, his bank might not have that many US dollars on hand, so he has to buy them from another institution. If the forex market happens to be busy at that moment, in the time it takes the trader to close a deal with the corporate customer and ring a broker or another bank to buy US money, the exchange rate of the Australian dollar might drop to, say, .6140.

The dealer now has a choice. He can either buy the required US dollars at the new, lower rate or he can wait until the Australian dollar's buying power rises again. In any case, the corporate client has already agreed to buy at the rate of .6148. If the dealer cannot get US dollars at that rate, then he must buy at a lower rate, and his bank has to absorb the loss.

That is the risk the bank runs. On the plus side, there are huge profits to be made quickly for the bank, if the product is bought and sold at the right times. The size of the parcels dealt with can vary from perhaps $30,000 to $30 million, and the potential for "off-balance sheet" or "fee-earning" income is greater than in any other area of banking. Usually, the dealers work in millions and the slang is, "Buy five," or "Ten mine." If an order for thousands comes in, they have to specify "small".

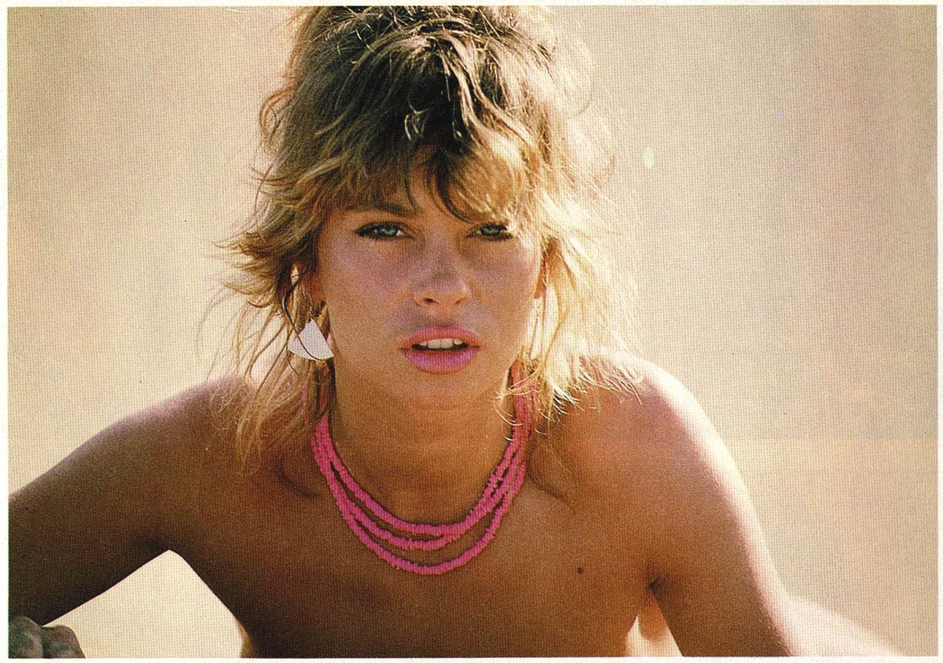
When a bank is caught "short", without enough capital of a given currency to service a customer, it must cover by buying that currency from another institution. Conversely, if it's dealing "long", with a surplus, it can sell that currency to others. Such inter-bank trading, on a global basis, makes up the bulk of foreign exchange activity.

In a nutshell, that's how the market operates. Every country has its own money, and likes to buy and sell internationally with it. The foreign exchange people make that possible and, in so doing, they try their best to earn a profit.

Sun-lovin' Coral Hampstead knows
how to make waves.

Coral

VIEWING



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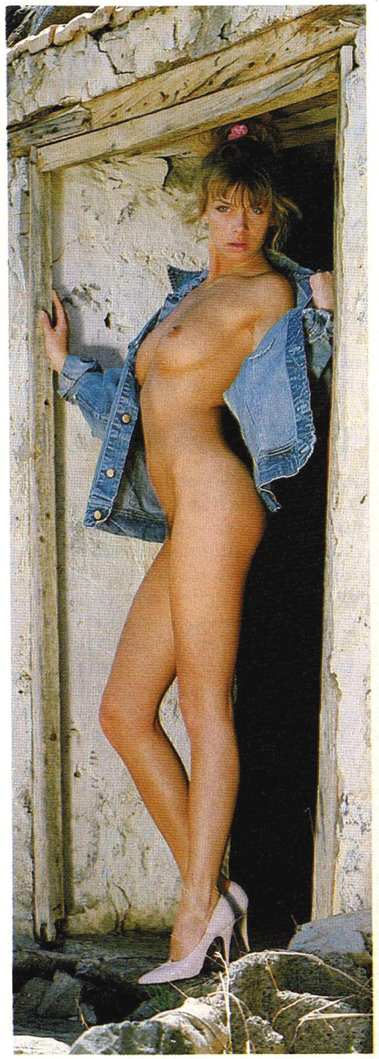
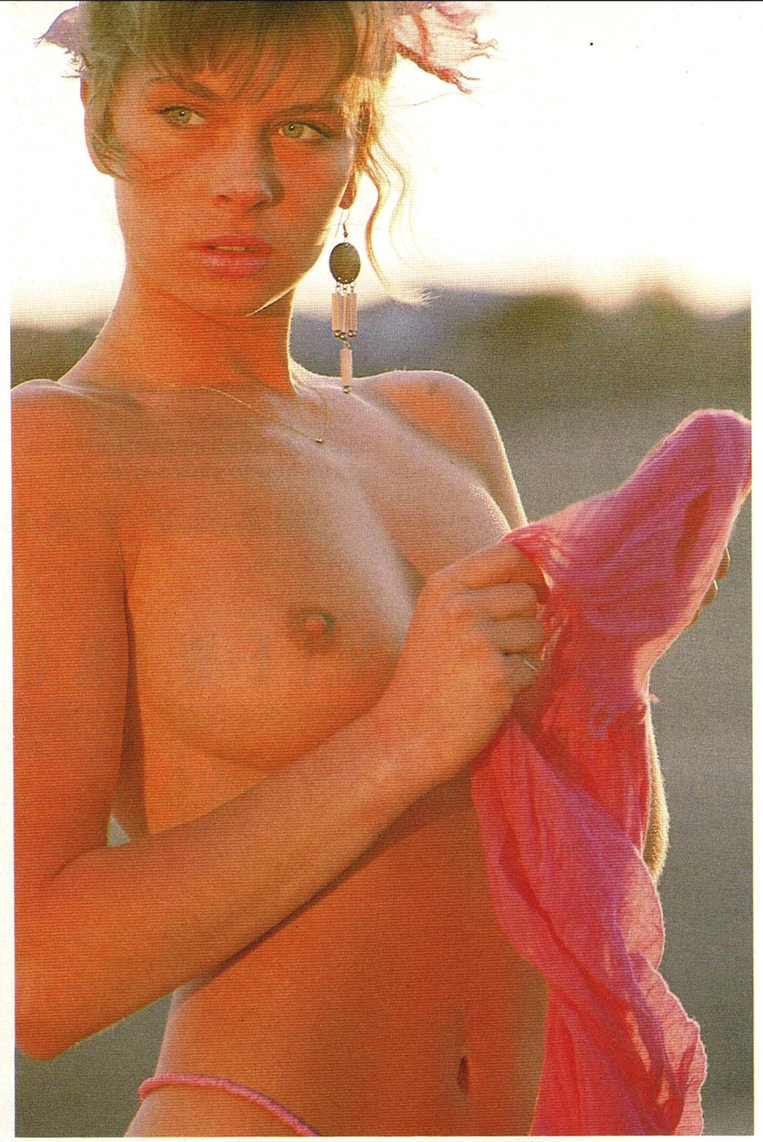
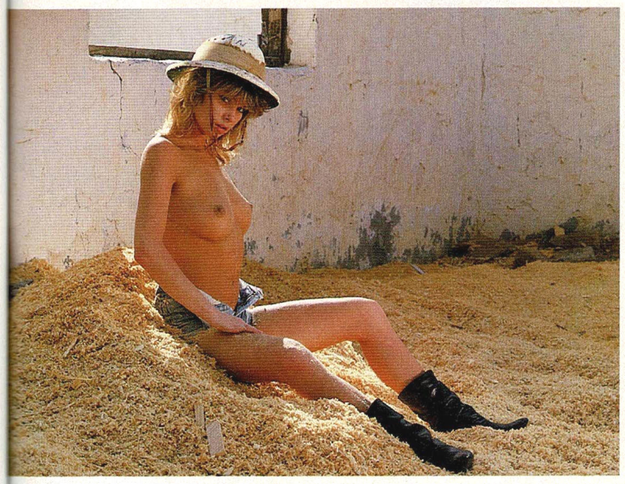




With another sizzling Aussie summer in full swing, we couldn't resist planning Coral Hampstead's pictorial around the sun, sea and sand. And Coral didn't require any urging to get on down to the beach, to shake off the winter blues, get sand between her toes and feel the golden sun all over her beautiful body. "There's no feeling like it," she says. "Frolicking on the beach in the nude is a terrific sensation. And then going skinnydipping in the cool water. . . it's very, very sexy."



Coral has been a professional model for several years and she has posed for various magazine spreads and several calendars. "I love the idea of being a pin-up girl," says Coral. "Recently I drove into a petrol station in a country town and there was a calendar with my face on it hanging on the workshop wall. That was a real buzz. And when I told the attendant that it was me, he got so excited he didn't even charge me for the petrol!"

She loves driving her nippy little sports car, spending as much time as possible outdoors, and watching her male friends play cricket on Sunday afternoons. "Sport is a big thing with me," explains Coral. "I am attracted to men who play a lot of sport. I especially find cricketers attractive. There's something about tanned skin and cricket whites that really turns me on." And has she been bowled over by anyone special yet? "Still looking. . ." she laughs.

WHAT WOMEN WANT

Susan Kurosawa says the way to a woman's heart could well be via her Christmas box.

WOMEN MAY NOT know exactly what they'd like for Christmas, but they sure as hell know what they *don't* want. In the totally undesirable category you can firmly place such objectionables as cookbooks; manuals on how to get under the bonnets of our Ford Lasers; large boxes of figure-threatening chocolates; frilly, shapeless nightgowns that make us look like tricked-up tents; and anything, repeat anything, that has even a passing connection with domesticity.

Smart Australian men, this Christmas, will be buying indecent amounts of life's loveliest frivolities to shower upon their ladies. This can be accomplished for surprisingly little cost. There's no need to aim as high as a mink-lined Porsche or obscenely large diamond navel stud. (Mind you, you can, if you like. She won't knock it back. Some dames are born ostentatious, damn them!) It may sound hopelessly trite but it really *is* the thought that counts. A bottle of mid-price perfume, hidden by layers of pale pink tissue, tagged with a specially chosen card and placed tenderly on her pillow, will be far more favorably received than the world's most expensive, whiz-bang microwave unceremoniously dumped at the foot of the Christmas tree. And never, ever, *ask* a woman what she wants. If she murmurs she'd love a teensy weensy sapphire necklace, are you going to follow through or *what*?

Dip into our Christmas shopping guide, select a couple of likely items, but also give equal thought to the presentation of your chosen gifts. If you opt for just one or two, wrap them separately, even using the old method of many layers of paper if they are small presents. If that sounds a mite wimpish, put on your best balaclava and mirrored glasses and shop at large department stores. The sales

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCOTT KENNEDY

assistants can then direct you to the gift-wrapping department and you can let the experts handle the job. One male friend of mine always wraps gifts with kitchen foil and decorates the packages with fresh flowers (usually those with big fragrances such as gardenias and frangipani). It's a simple but always successful manoeuvre.

Also try putting her Christmas presents in unexpected places so she'll be doubly surprised by the amount of thought you've put into them. One Christmas morning I found a pair of lapis lazuli ear-rings wrapped in wads of lolly pink cellophane in the butter compartment of my fridge. The opening of that mysterious bundle was every bit as exciting as finding the jewellery inside.

If you have $400 to spend on this fabulously lucky female, do try our Christmas stocking suggestions. The basket idea is by no means original but its impact will be everlasting, I promise. Happy Christmas shopping!

PERFUME

Every woman loves perfume — the more expensive and exotic the better. This is one gift category where you must never attempt to economise. Stay well away from bargain tables at chemists or department stores. You know, those big wire pedestals piled high with gift sets and marked-down packs of perfume. Those fragrances are discounted, fellas, because women don't buy them. And why don't they buy them? Because they smell like tortured roses, stale cat litter, pungent air freshener, or a dizzy combination of all three, that's why. Go for a gift pack and you end up paying a substantial amount for squashed purple satin, frilly bows, a mean little bottle of perfume and three bath cubes. And who, I ask you, actually uses bath cubes? With the number of freshly scented bath gels and perfumed oils available, no woman wants to crumble a block of dead violets into the bath so she can wind up smelling like her maiden aunt's bottom drawer.

I presume you want this broad to smell like a seductive siren, right? Okay, you have to think big. Take note of what she already wears and, if you want to play it safe, buy her the most lavish bottle of that perfume you can find. But, better still, treat her to one of the new fragrances on the market. This year has seen the release of some sensational new smells, and the following three are little short of orgasmic.

First, **Poison** by Christian Dior. This is my absolute favorite (all potential suitors, take note). It has an unusual musky scent with overtones of coriander and wild berries. Good enough to eat? Well, total strangers have followed me, noses cocked, into lifts, and a man I know rather well is given to taking long, tormented licks of my neck whenever I'm doused with Poison. It comes in a voluptuous bottle and is a vampish shade of rich amethyst. Do not, whatever you do, curl your lip in a Gallic sneer and adopt a mock-French accent when asking for it at the perfume counter. It's *not* poi-*sson* (which means fish, of all darned things) but just plain poison. Prepare to pay $85 for a 50ml bottle of eau-de-toilette and make her use the stairs.

Coco by Chanel is a spicy, floral fragrance which seems set to become as classically popular as Chanel No 5 and No 19 (both of which are perennially acceptable, too, but as Coco was only released this September in Australia, she'll be delighted by your initiative in choosing something new). This is an ideal summer fragrance: a fabulously feminine blend of orange blossom, rose, mimosa, peach and frangipani. Splash out on a 50ml bottle of eau de parfum at $79.

Paris by Yves Saint Laurent has been out for a couple of years but is still a novelty to most Australian women. If she's the sort of dame who goes all gooey over the thought of masses of roses, she'll love Paris. It's a light, fresh fragrance which lingers for hours and the notes balance between roses, mimosa and violets. And YSL says that these roses are not the common, skinny species, but the full-bodied, old-fashioned types that billow like cabbages as they bloom. If she's an earthy, red-blooded wench, she'll be entranced by Paris. Pay around $36 for a 50ml bottle of eau de toilette.

Other beautifully packaged, relatively new fragrances that any self-respecting woman would do handstands for are **KL** by Karl Lagerfeld ($47.50 for 60ml eau de toilette), **First** by Van Cleef and Arpels ($59.50 for 50ml eau de toilette) and **Ysatis** by Givenchy ($44 for 50ml eau de toilette). And, of course, you can't possibly go wrong with a bottle of **Joy** by Jean Patou. It's still billed as the world's costliest perfume and you can start the Christmas bauble rolling with a 30ml bottle of eau de parfum at $75.

JEWELLERY

If you're the sort of man who doesn't need to think twice about buying diamond ear-rings, strands of perfect pearls, emerald encrusted bracelets and sassy little ruby lapel pins, you can safely skip this section. But if you like the idea of showering your lady love with jewellery but just can't afford to be reckless, then stay with us while we give you the low-down on what you can buy without breaking the bank.

Firstly, better to give no jewellery at all than nasty imitations. She's not going to view you with a great deal of desire if the cute gold chain you made such a show of giving her turns out to be fake and she's left with a giddy green high-tide mark down her cleavage. A fine gold 9ct chain to sit snugly around her neck costs from around $60; small diamond stud ear-rings can be had for $100 at Angus and Coote and other major jewellery stores.

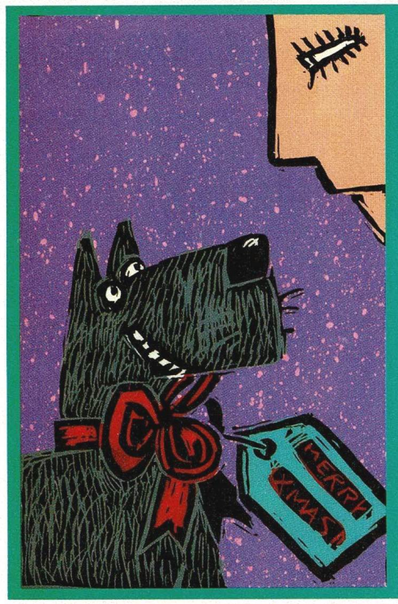
The 1928 Jewellery Company does a very feminine range of reproduction pieces from the Art Deco era. If she's a demure type, given to pastel colors, soft curls and lacy clothes, a 1928 jewellery item would be perfect. Cameos don't, of course, sit well with boldly colored T-shirts and jeans, so make sure you have this female properly staked out before you start. The current collection includes the following stand-out pieces: necklet with three diamantes ($48.75), and black jet and encrusted rhinestones on gold-plated chain ($69) with matching ear-rings ($59). The 1928 range is available at David Jones, Myer, Grace Bros and other leading department stores; the pieces are all 14ct gold plated and presented in dainty suede pouches.

It's perfectly acceptable, too, to include a fun Swatch Watch ($49.95) in her Christmas surprise package. Loads better, in fact, than trying to get by with a fake Cartier, a Longines lookalike or an ersatz Omega. The Swatch range seems to be expanding by the minute; go for lollipop colors, see-through straps and zany designs.

STOCKING UP FOR CHRISTMAS

On a budget of $400, here's how to create a Christmas cache of surprises she'll never forget. First, buy a large cane basket with handle from Barbara's House And Garden or similar decorator store, and line with festive red and green cellophane, generously crinkled so the crevices can hide a wealth of goodies. Decorate the handle with twirled red and green ribbon (no rosettes, please) and pin on greeting card.

Cane basket	$19.50
Large sheet red cellophane	.80
Large sheet green cellophane	.80
Roll of curling ribbon	1.00
Greeting card	1.25
Poison eau de toilette, 50ml	85.00
Schiaparelli nylons, 12 denier Lapiz	3.95
Lacy suspender belt	22.00
Copy of *Gone With The Wind*	12.95
1928 black jet/rhinestone necklet	69.00
1928 black jet/rhinestone ear-rings	59.00
Christian Dior Hammock or Palm Tree lipstick	22.50
Christian Dior matching nailpolish	22.50
Swatch Watch	49.95
Gift voucher for manicure and pedicure	27.00
Two Seward pure cotton hankies	1.80
Can Tooheys (For you, when the job is complete. Yes, you will feel like it. And yes, you sure have earned it!)	1.00
Total	$400.00



WHAT WOMEN DON'T WANT

There are some presents that carry built-in guarantees to turn women *off*. The following gifts never work. I said *never*.

1. Anything that reeks of responsibility. Temperamental African violet pot plants, decorative tropical fish and hungry little puppies are definitely taboo. Pets and plants, like lovers and friends, should always be personally selected.
2. Anything that's reminiscent of another woman. You deserve to be soundly spanked, you brute, if you give her a bottle of perfume and say, "I hope you like this, darling. My first wife used to wear it all the time."
3. Any generic gift certificate good for whatever number of dollars worth of whatever. All you're really saying here is, "Gosh, darling, I left this until the very last minute and I don't know what the hell you want anyway so you go out and get something." The only forgiveable exceptions are vouchers for beauty treatments and fitness classes.
4. Any present that you've really bought for yourself, not for her. She *will* be able to tell, you know, if she's suddenly lumbered with double passes to the cricket, a home handyperson kit, a video cassette of *On Golden Blonde* or a coffee mug with *your* zodiac sign on it.
5. Anything that is blatantly sexual. Heavy-duty batteries for her vibrator, black vinyl underwear with barbed wire trimmings, and economy-sized jars of KY Jelly do not, somehow, sit well with the spirit of Christmas.

BOOKS

Never a cookbook, a weight reduction manual or a heavy tome on Australian mammals. As with perfumes, avoid the specials tables at department stores. Those big, fat books on cane toads are there because no one gives a stuff about cane toads, right? Stick to romance. Not the Mills and Boon sop, but big novels on epic themes of unbridled passion. The sort that make women damp with desire. Sure-fire starters are *Gone With The Wind* by Margaret Mitchell ($12.95) and *The Far Pavilions* by M.M. Kaye ($9.95). Always autograph the title page for her with a flourishing and affectionate note. She'll flip with joy.

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

A cellulite massage pack or blackhead removal kit will not, repeat *not*, do. Make-up products are intensely personal; many females are not brand-loyal and switch lipstick and foundation colors according to season and whim. So if you peep into her make-up bag it may reveal no clue at all as to what you should buy. I suggest a matching nailpolish and lipstick chosen according to the colors she usually wears. Christian Dior's new Hammock and Palm Tree shades are vibrant and summery, suitable for blondes and brunettes, and cost $22.50 for lipstick or nail polish.

Bath confections from companies such as Roger & Gallet or Crabtree & Evelyn are beautifully packaged and come in a veritable meadow of soft, floral fragrances. A woman can never have too many bottles of bubble bath.

Another super idea is a gift coupon for a facial, manicure or pedicure. This kind of pampering is always appreciated: many women feel guilty about splurging on such treatments. The Madame Korner salons in Sydney have gift certificates for $56 (facial), $12 (manicure) and $15 (pedicure). In Melbourne, Joseph Of Italy offers a "Day Of Total Beauty" (hair treatment, sauna, massage, facial, manicure, pedicure, make-up, chicken and champagne luncheon) for $100. Check with leading beauty salons in other capital cities for similar offers.

If you're the sort of lad who likes the idea of crotchless knickers with purple feathers and red pom-poms, then, yes, go for those as well.

LINGERIE

It's a rare man who can confidently stride into the ladies' underwear department of David Jones and demand to see a range of bras and panties. One disapproving look from the full-bosomed keepers of the metric measures and you'll be reduced to a weak-kneed wimp asking directions, instead, to the gents' toilets. Besides, bras and panties are, well, pretty personal, and sizes can be a problem as occasionally your romantic image of a woman can blur her real dimensions. It's called love. (And, let's face it, we girls *have* been known to lie about the size of our breasts and we're hardly going to send you off to purchase a 32AA cup.) Swoop up a lacy suspender belt (black, please) and pair of Schiaparelli nylons (the sheerest you can get, 12 denier for $3.95 in the misty shade of Lapiz). If you're the sort of lad who likes the idea of crotchless knickers with purple feathers and red pom-poms, then, yes, go for those as well. Just be sure you have this woman thoroughly sussed out first or you may just be wearing these cheeky little underthings on your head come Christmas morning.

MISCELLANEOUS

In the knick-knack department, you can't go past a hand-crafted Bilston and Battersea enamel box (from better jewellery stores such as Strand Jewellers And Watchmakers in Sydney's Strand Arcade). These little keepsake boxes feature whimsical motifs: my favorite is a heart-shaped one with the words I Love You engraved on top. Hers for $230.

Then there are Seward pure cotton hankies in what the designers call gelati colors (90 cents each at department stores); fragrant pot-pourris in a variety of sizes and containers; petite boxes of decadently delicious chocolates from Godiva, or a fluffy terry-towelling robe to leave at your place, especially monogrammed with Priscilla. (Extra nice if her name happens to *be* Priscilla.)

And that's not to mention luxurious boxes of notepaper, French champagne (partnered, of course, by two classy champagne flutes), a quality pen (Cross makes lovely, slim-line biros), absolutely anything silk, and air tickets to almost anywhere (return ones, you guys).

Just always bear in mind that the perfect presents for women should never be *needed*. And don't overspend unless you have a romantic attachment to her. If she has to ask herself, "What on earth is he after?" you can safely bet you've done it all *wrong*.

WILL OF IRON

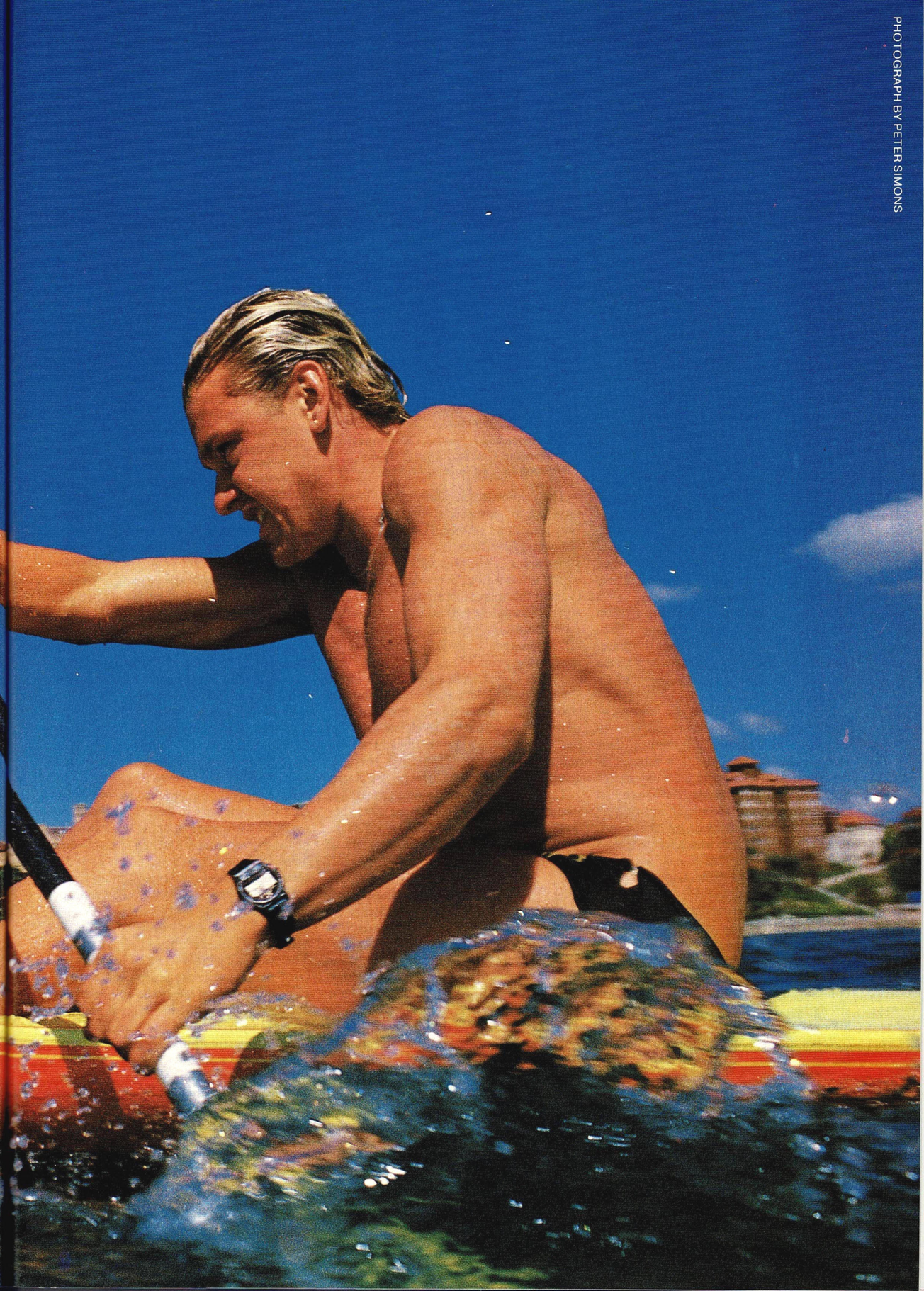
Sport by **NICK CARROLL**

Aussie iron man Guy Leech is determined to stay on top.

GUY LEECH COMES charging out of the water on to Noosa front beach, dragging his malibu paddleboard, and the first impression you get of the top endurance iron man in Oz, maybe the world, is that he doesn't *look* so damn strong.

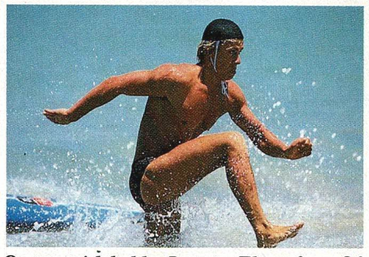
Young, energetic, looselimbed, sure; Guy bounces across the sand like a big adolescent labrador, grinning, breathing heavy. But his muscles are smoothed out from countless hours of churning water, without the bulk of a footballer or the faked-up ridges of a body-builder. At 188cm and 79½kg, the 22-year-old Leech is bigger than many iron men, but it's only when he spins around and heads back into the water, head down and blasting out to sea on the board in that weird half-crouched knee-paddling style, that you see he is pretty solid, pretty powerful. Of course.

After all, we are talking iron man here, brightest star in the great competitive firmament of the Surf Life Saving Association of



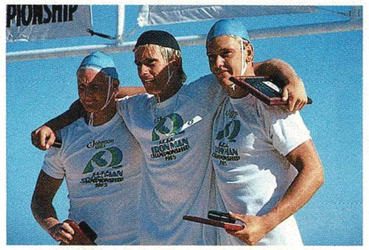
PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS

Champion iron men Riddington and Leech.



PAUL SARGEANT

Current titleholder Dwayne Thuys from SA.



1985 Australian Iron Man Championship winners. Centre, Thuys (1st), left, Riddington (2nd) and right, Leech (3rd).

Australia (SLSA) — the ultimate in Bronzed Aussie surf heroism, in fact.

And three months of training has had its effect. Guy Leech is as ready as he can be for the summer and the first great test for the budding pro sport of endurance iron man: the Nutri-Grain Iron Man Grand Prix, a seven-event Australia-wide series carrying a whopping $177,000 in total prize-money and culminating in a booming final monster-race at Sydney's Manly Beach on January 11.

The circuit could make or break iron man's tentative step into professionalism — months before it was even underway, a classic showdown between competitors and officialdom was already brewing — but up at Noosa, Guy Leech's mind is made up. He wants that Manly race. It has double points, double prize-money, which is an incentive; but it's not just the money.

"It's my home beach! Been brought up there. Big buzz. . . that's the one I'll be shooting for." Guy grins all over the place. You can see his mind ticking: who's gonna beat him after all this training? Never give a mug an even break!

And indeed, Guy and his mates — "Guru's Gang", they call themselves — have been training hard up there in their Noosa hideout under the firm tutelage of the Guru, Alan Coates, 43 years old, Noosa Surf Club stalwart and Mr Iron Discipline himself, sunburnt like only an old clubbie can be and surrounded by the semi-legendary air of a man who once paddled a surf ski from Sydney to Noosa, non-stop. Well, he stopped at night. Guy shakes his head just thinking about it.

Alan is the only specialist iron man coach in the country; his authority goes unquestioned as he puts the Gang through five or six painful hours of board, ski, swim and run each day: 5.30am-8, 11-12.30pm, 4-6pm, lots of ski work which Guy wants to strengthen. Each week means 100-150 kilometres ski, 30-40 running, 15 swimming (no pool at Noosa, so it's harder to work on), four to five hours on the board, three hours in the gym lifting weights.

Alan has arranged a kind of meal sponsorship at a local health food bar, where the Gang pay $2 a head for lunch and dinner each day. The place is feeling the pinch. Iron men eat three times as much as normal people. Their high-carbohydrate semi-vegetarian diet is good for the body; but a trip to the pub for pork chops is a relief.

The impression of youthful lankiness as opposed to power is strengthened when Guy is in street clothes. He is tall, with the obligatory blond hair and blue eyes, and he goons around, grinning, talking so fast his words are crashing over one another. He radiates this incredible air of health, energy and self-confidence. If you were across the room from him, you might just write him off as another noisy kid, but you'd be missing the point.

This is Guy Leech, twice winner of the Coolangatta Gold, marathon swimming champion, numero uno in the iron man universe, possessor of the classic "feel" of the young athlete at the height of his abilities — that odd mix of strength, arrogance and a strange naivety. A real *star*!

The others know it, and between the jokes, the ribbings, friends or not, they circle him somewhat warily. Well. . . Jesus. . . this is the bloke they dream of beating. . .

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Most people link iron man immediately to that great institution of the Australian beach, the SLSA. Few know, however, that the original concept of iron man — a multi-discipline race including board, ski, swim and run legs — first popped up in America. Iron man didn't show up here until the 1965-'66 surfing season, when it found its way into the SLSA's national titles.

The SLSA badly needed an injection of glamor, and the idea of iron man superstardom didn't hurt the numbers at all. In four years, from 1977 to 1981, total membership rocketed from 33,509 to 55,684, an incredible near-doubling after years of virtually no action.

Guy Leech was one of those new recruits. His parents split when he was eight years old, and he found himself living in Mosman, near Manly, with his mother and younger brother, Simon. "When I was a kid I had bronchitis, and the doctors thought swimming would take it away. I picked up swimming so quickly that I just kept it going. It was sorta Mum's push toward it as well, she sorta pushed, just like a lotta kids whose mum pushes them a bit," Guy laughs.

Guy and Simon are a classic contrast, Simon is the background man, while big Guy just loves the limelight. Media attention is something he doesn't mind at all, and he's even been on the lecture circuit giving motivational speeches to halls full of executives. Simon trains with Guy and the Gang, but just to keep fit —he's not into that elite competitive league.

Guy was competing at the age of nine, training under renowned swim coach Terry Gathercole. One day at swimming he ran into another young star, Manly's Craig Riddington, who'd been brought up in the great tradition of the surf club by his father, joining the nippers at 10 and working on a future in surf racing. Craig reckons he had a hard time talking Guy into it, but eventually they were both down at the Manly club, hanging around the beach scene and mucking about on boards and skis.

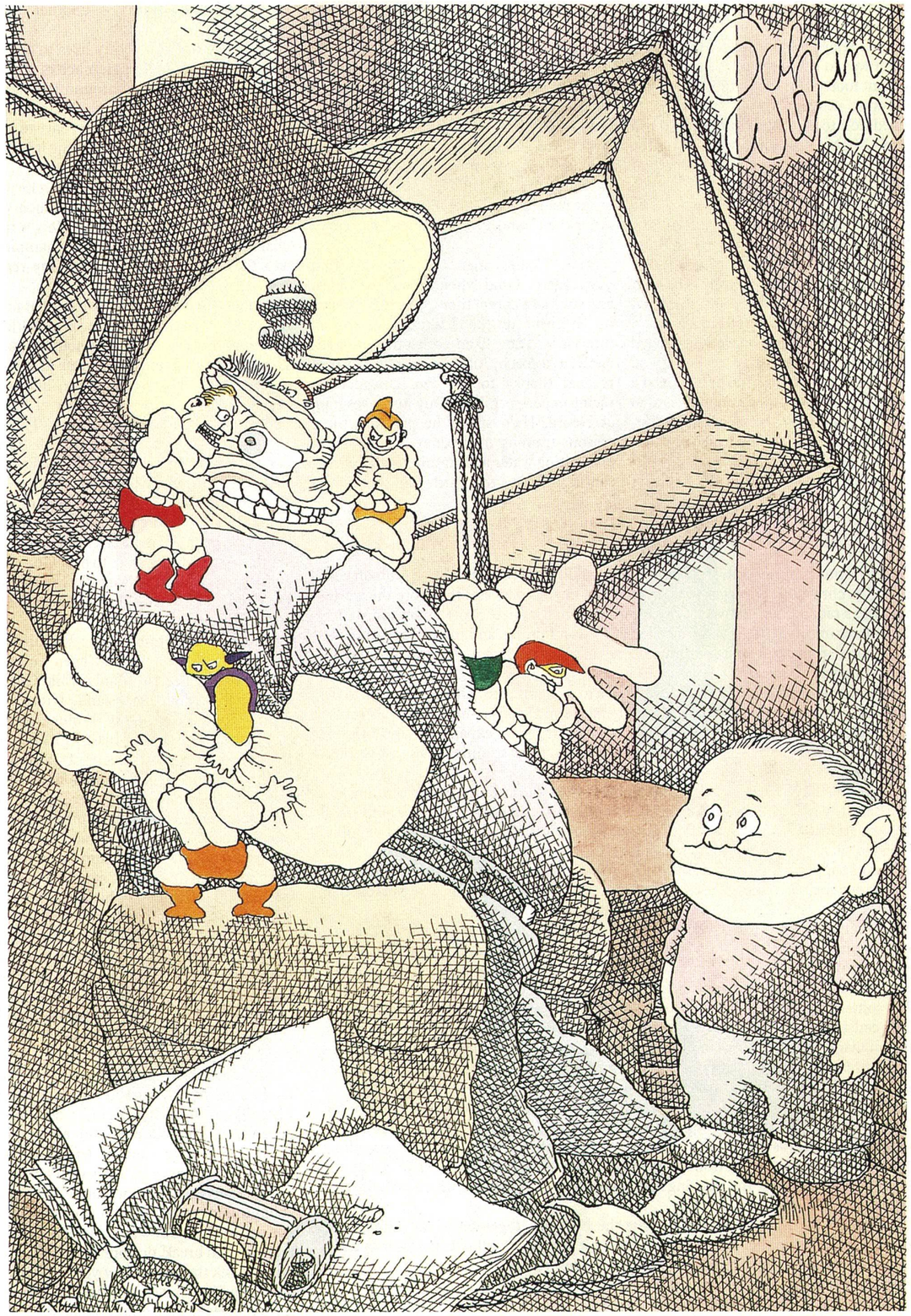
Craig says Guy's first trip out on a ski was a crack-up. They got on a double ski, the idea being to paddle around to Freshwater and back. When you first try a surf ski, balancing can be a real bastard, and Craig told Guy not to fall off as they headed around the cliffs — "You know, there's supposed to be a lot of sharks there." Of course as soon as they came abreast of the cliffs, Guy fell off. *Three* times.

In 1980, a year or so after he'd joined the surf club, Guy went to a surf carnival at Cronulla, on Sydney's southside, where he saw Grant Kenny in action for the first time. "It was about two to three metre surf and Kenny just powered through everyone, controlled the surf so well. . . it made me realise what a good sport it was, and the media attention and limelight he got, that helps when you're young and wanna be somebody. Seeing someone right up there, getting all that attention. . ." The concept still has Guy a little awestruck.

He started training with Riddington, on boards and skis, with plenty of swimming. The ski is still a bit of a trick. Guy thinks it takes perhaps three to four years to really gain confidence on one, to be able to take it out through, say, a two metre break and ride waves in with complete safety in a race, and Riddington still thinks Leech is a little clumsy in the surf.

After six months of a semi-serious training binge, Guy took out his first real iron man race, an extraordinary event of new age iron man launched on to the gleaming sands of Surfers Paradise — the Coolangatta Gold.

The Gold was the first true colossus of endurance iron man: a race intended as a one-off which almost created a sport in



"I'm sure you want little Jimmy to have a complete set of Muscular Heroes Of The Cosmos, now don't you, Mr Brenner?"

itself. Featuring a walloping first prize of $20,000 in gold, it was the brainchild of Michael Edgley and his film company, and the plan was to use the race to capture all-important footage for the feature flick of the same name.

Scheduled to last over four hours, with huge ski, board, run and swim legs, the Gold overcame one of the major problems standing in the way of serious iron man sponsorship and coverage — *time*. The classic iron man race in the style of the SLSA lasts maybe eight minutes, a four-pronged sprint which fits nicely into the multi-event format of a surf carnival. But it didn't lend itself to a single-event format —vital, if iron man was to roll alone.

In some ways, things haven't changed much in the ensuing four years. Up at Noosa, Guy lives in this little brick box of a flat shared with four other iron men, and to walk in the door is to experience chaos. But, like a couple of the other top iron men, Guy has a manager (former sports journalist Richard Sleeman), and a healthy bag of sponsors, including surf clothing company Catchit and the ubiquitous Foster's, earning him a cosy $30,000 plus when you include prize-money. Since his second Coolangatta Gold win (one he relished, since it proved the first was no fluke), along with a series of equally impressive endurance victories including the Foster's and Jeans West iron man races in Sydney and Perth respectively, Guy has set himself as the man to beat in the big summer circuit. After the Grand Prix, he might even buy a house.

Alan Coates met Guy at the first Coolangatta Gold when, being the oldest and youngest competitors, they were hauled up in front of the TV cameras for an interview. They liked each other immediately; as a coach, Alan commands plenty of respect thanks to his own considerable racing experience. And Guy just loves it up at Noosa. He'd spent the previous three seasons training in Sydney, swimming in skin-biting water and running into freezing southerlies, and the warm water gives him more room to train — another great strength.

If there's one thing Guy likes to do, it's train. Weird enough when much of an iron man's training is based around the classic distance concept of *hurting* — no pain, no gain. But there it is... and if you have to do it for five or six hours a day, enjoying it is a big plus.

Alan chuckles when you ask about his star charge. "He's got a super ego, which you may have already noticed. . . He's a true champion. I've known a lot of champions and they're all a bit different. Guy really *hates* losing. He loves to win."

In fact, Coatesy readily admits that none of the others in the Gang are yet capable of gunning Leech down, although Barry Newman from Freshwater, near Manly, is getting close. That's not to say, however, that Guy isn't faced with plenty of heavy opposition in the summer tour. There's Dwayne Thuys from South Australia, current Aussie titleholder in the traditional SLSA version, whom Guy calls a "maniac"; Robert Chapman, at 29 the veteran of iron man; Darren Mercer, the new junior superstar from Austinmer club on NSW's south coast, the only racer to beat Guy in an endurance race last season; Trevor Hendy, the Gold Coast young gun; Mark Bennetts and Gray Parkes.

And not to mention Craig Riddington, Guy's clubmate, who's been quietly training away back in Manly while Guru's Gang are off in Queensland. Craig is a cruiser compared to Guy — none of this fast-talking, looselipped blast with *him*, but there is the same feel of awesome endurance, the mental stamina of the gun iron man. It bugs him that Leechy, his old mate, has turned into a star, surrounded by people who'll chase after him and baby him. "Guy has people around him to do things for him all the time, but I'm not like that, I can't handle it, so I can't hang around with him," he says, mildly disgruntled.

•

The Gang are finishing off the training binge with a big endurance race on their last Sunday in Noosa, coinciding with a barbie at the surf club. Thousands of spectators are expected; it'll be a useful warm-up for the coming series.

Guy does them like a dinner, of course. He had his tactics worked out in advance. "Dunno if I'll flog 'em," he'd said pensively. "I'll take 'em out early, hurt 'em. . . so if there's anyone left at the end I'll kill 'em, if I have to. They won't know if I've got anything left or not. I'd thought about pulling out in the last run 'cause I've got sore shins. But shit, you don't give a mug an even break, do you? Otherwise they might think they could *beat* you."

He laughs, but his eyes are hooded, serious. Never give a mug a chance — he might get the wrong idea.

IRONING OUT THE PROBLEMS

Much of this pro iron man stuff has gone down like the proverbial lead balloon with the SLSA, currently sole organisers of iron man in Australia and therefore the world. There was a race mooted between Guy and American triathlete Scott Tinley for Miami, USA, some time ago, but it was cancelled at the last minute, and there are few serious international iron men — not counting the triathletes of the famous Hawaiian Ironman, a different deal altogether.

The National Council of the SLSA was quick to recognise the value of iron man to the surf clubs, in the spin-offs of increased memberships and sponsorships. It was also quick to recognise the potential for freelance entrepreneurs to expand on the original Coolangatta Gold concept — a phenomenon run off, at least initially, almost without surf club assistance.

Thus it was that the SLSA gained the rights to the Gold after its second running and converted it, with the help of Kellogg's, into the big seven-shot Nutri-Grain Grand Prix. As national SLSA media officer Ian MacLeod puts it: "We recognised the public interest in such events... and rather than have the money go out of surf lifesaving, so all that would happen would be the entrepreneurs and the competitors making money and no funds generated for the SLSA, no public interest in surf lifesaving... we put together the series."

Ian MacLeod says there are other factors involved, like safety — he believes that any such iron man event, to ensure competitor safety in the taxing sea-going legs, would have to include the surf clubs, and there's no question the clubs have all the expertise and equipment needed to secure anyone in trouble.

But some of the competitors (principally Guy Leech) are balking at a neat insert in the SLSA constitution which clearly states they must, upon receiving their prize-money in this iron man event of events, hand at least one-third of it back to their respective clubs for the purchase of lifesaving gear. And one-third of, say, $50,000 — quite winnable by a single competitor on the three-month tour — is not chickenfeed.

This professional gig is fairly new to the SLSA — it was only in December 1985 that rules governing the sponsorship earnings of individuals were removed from the constitution — and, as always, it raises some tricky questions. Leech has been something of a moral leader among the iron men: not too long ago he led a successful revolt at a Mooloolaba race against the stacking of first-place money, a move which actually cost him cash when he later won the race.

If, after the big Manly event, Guy gets the iron men together on the issue of the one-third bounty and they all bolt off to Entrepreneurland, will iron man survive as a sport in its own right, outside the powerful SLSA network?

And if it does, will SLSA membership and sponsorships begin to waver?

It has the makings of a classic split between solid Establishment and fiery youth, and the outcome remains to be seen. But before the races, at least, Guy was hardly a favorite around national SLSA headquarters.

— NICK CARROLL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FRETAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

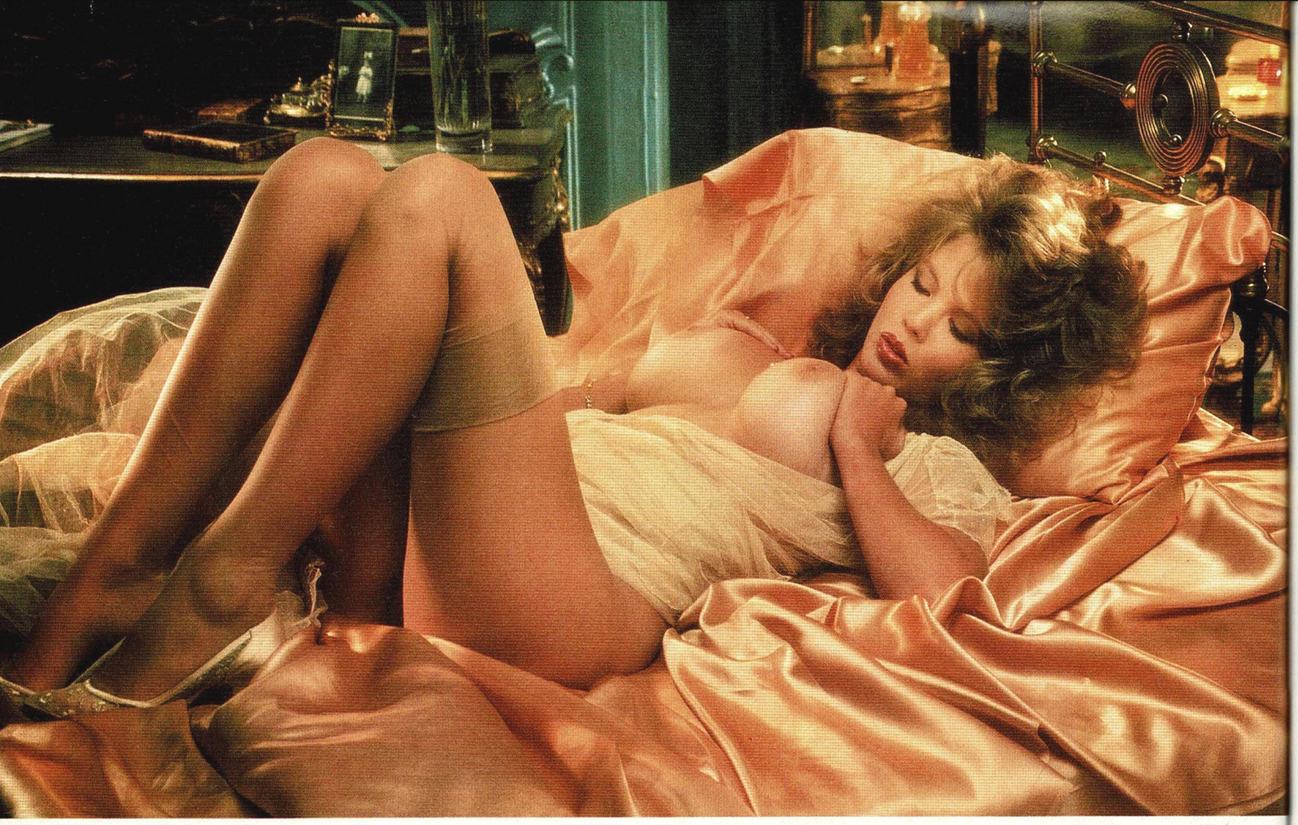
SOLD
ON DONNA

Miss December is a real estate agent. In other ways she's just an old-fashioned girl.

According to Donna Edmondson — Miss December and a newly licensed real estate agent — the difference between a house and a home is simple. "The home is what everyone dreams of having," she says, "and the house is what everyone dreads buying." Is that an old saying, we ask. "Nah," laughs Donna. "I just made it up."

"I was really tempted to put AVAILABLE on the sign instead of SOLD," says Donna, referring to the shot on her data sheet. "Why? Because I'm available!"

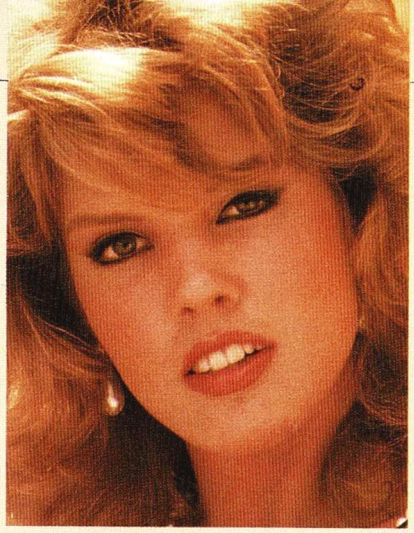
"I'd never modelled professionally," says Donna, looking every bit the natural, "and then suddenly I'm a Playmate. I even set a record by doing my centrefold in one day. In the world of real estate that's known as an on-the-spot sale!"



On the subject of men, Donna admits a certain lack of experience. "Men are wonderful," she practically whispers, "but I haven't really let one so close to me that we can talk about sex the way some girls do. Virginity isn't something you discuss. I'm not ashamed of still having mine, mind you. It's just not something I really want to talk about — except with the man who takes it away from me. I thought about that when I posed for my layout — imagining the sort of sex I'll have *one day*. I don't know when or where it will happen. But I do know it will be with a man whom I trust, somebody I know and love. And if he loves me right back and the time is right. . ." She smiles. "I can't wait to find out what he looks like."

"The men at my office are looking at me a little differently," laughs Donna, "now that they know they're going to see what's under these clothes. But I don't mind," she adds. "Every woman likes to be looked at — not *gaped* at, but *looked* at." With Donna there's plenty to look at. "Even other girls in high school would stare at me in the changing rooms. I was called Boobs. My mum has very large breasts too; Dad was always trying to get her to pose for PLAYBOY. She never did, so he suggested I try." And then, with that sunny smile: "And I made it!"

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Donna Edmondson



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna Edmondson

BUST: 91cm (36") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 89cm (35")

HEIGHT: 178cm WEIGHT: 57½ kg

BIRTH DATE: 1-2-66 SIGN: Aquarius

AMBITIONS: To build my empire around real estate. And to find the greatest source of happiness!

TURN-ONS: The beach, pasta, foreign cars, animals (especially cats) & being with my family.

TURN-OFFS: People who lie and take advantage of others, drugs and divorce.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Great Expectations, The Greatest Salesman in the World, One Minute Manager.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING: I haven't had it yet... I'm still waiting!

FAVORITE SPORTS: Softball, swimming.

SECRET FANTASY: I'm showing Micky Rourke around this huge mansion. We get to the bedroom and...

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The flying saucer landed outside a huge RSL club. A mechanical alien disembarked and ventured inside. He walked straight up to a poker machine and inserted a coin.

The machine gave a thundering rumble, lights flashed, bells rang and hundreds of 20 cent pieces came cascading out.

"Hey, baby," the alien exclaimed, "when you earth women have orgasms, you sure don't fool around!"

What does the president of South Africa have in common with a ballerina with static cling?

A Tutu he can't control.

As her fellow streetwalker was about to be wheeled into the operating theatre for a heart transplant, the concerned woman grabbed the cardiologist by the sleeve and asked, "What are her chances of recovery, doc?"

"Oh, I'd say pretty good," the doctor replied. "After all, dear, she hasn't rejected an organ in 30 years!"

Look, headmaster, I deserve a raise," the high school football coach complained to his principal.

"What for?" came the reply. "You're paid a hell of a lot more than any other member of my teaching staff. How can I justify recommending you for a raise?"

"I'll show you what I have to put up with," the coach replied, opening the office door and calling out to the team's captain, a burly front-row forward.

"Hey, bruiser," the coach said to the player, "run over to my office and see if I'm there."

"Sure thing!"

Twenty minutes later, the winded player returned. "No, sir," he panted. "You're not there."

Thanking the player and sending him back to practice, the coach turned to the headmaster and asked, "Now do you understand what I have to go through?"

"Yes, I certainly do," the principal agreed. "The dumb bastard could have phoned."

You make no effort to satisfy me," Marilyn complained to her husband after another unsuccessful attempt at lovemaking.

"Yes, I do," Henry protested. "But it would help if you'd give me a little encouragement. Why don't you tell me when you're having an orgasm?"

"Because, Henry, you're never there!"

The elderly spinster explained to the young solicitor drawing up her will that she wanted $90,000 spent on a lavish funeral and the remaining $10,000 bestowed on a gigolo to appease her sexual curiosity.

After discussing his personal finances with his wife, the solicitor volunteered to be the old woman's hired stud.

At the conclusion of his scheduled weekend with the woman, the solicitor phoned his wife. "Darling," he said, "I won't be home until the end of the week. She's decided the state can bury her!"

A not-too-bright farmer was married to a young, ravishing blonde who liked a little bit on the side.

One day she was entertaining in her bedroom when her husband arrived home early from town. He ambled into the room and saw her lying spreadeagled on the bed with a totally naked stranger on top of her.

"What are you doing with my wife?" he asked the man.

The stranger, although startled, realised the farmer must be a bit simple so he told him he was listening to some music.

"How come I can't hear it?" said the husband, looking suspiciously at the pair.

"Ah, but you're not plugged in, mate!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Not tonight, baby. I've got the blues."

WINNING THE SKIN GAME

If you think men's skin-care products are for sissies, tell it to Joe Bugner.

Modern Living by
NANCE MITCHELL

YOUR STOMACH IS as washboard tight as Joe Bugner's (well almost) and your wardrobe is the best of *Miami Vice*. It's not that you're so vain, you've just realised that competition, whether for love or money, has heated up and there's no reason to neglect what literally stares the prospective lover or boss in the face: the skin. Well, skin is skin whether it's male or female, so the requirements for care are essentially the same. You don't have to buy an arsenal of products or waste a lot of time fussing. Consistency is the byword when it comes to maintenance. The ladies pay attention to your skin: why not provide them with a healthier eyeful?

THE BASIC REGIMEN

There are three important steps in a daily regimen that takes about five minutes twice a day: cleansing, toning, and moisturising. That's it.

Your skin type and habits determine your regimen. Take a moment to study your skin under strong lighting. Do you have any broken capillaries around your nose and cheeks? A dermatologist might be able to zap some of them, but what are you doing to cause them in the first place? Too many saunas? Too much alcohol? Too much exposure to extreme cold? Check where the lines on your face are forming and deepening. What habits (grimaces, tics, mannerisms) are ironing these into your visage?

If you're prone to breakouts around the jawline, is it because you often prop your head up with your hand at your desk? Are you a heavy coffee drinker who complains of dry, flaky patches? Caffeine is extremely dehydrating. Assess how much damage any of your personal habits may be doing to your looks.

Finally, try a "blot test" to pinpoint your skin type. Cleanse your face thoroughly before going to bed, and then, before washing in the morning, press a single sheet of white, unscented tissue on to your face. Hold it up to the light to see the map-out of oil spots. You can then determine if you need products designed for oily, dry or combination skin. This test does not permanently establish your skin type, however. Age and such variables as weather could change your skin type from month to month.

CLEANSING: Think in terms of cleansing rather than scrubbing, especially if you have skin problems. (Abrasives, contrary to what you may have read, have a nasty way of spreading infection.) Use cool to tepid water rather than hot; hot is too drying and doesn't clean any better than cool.

Think of your face as starting from the clavicle (bottom of neck) up. Don't stop at the jawline, particularly since your ears (and the back of your neck) are more exposed than most women's and require extra care.

I recommend cleansing lotions over soaps, because they tend to be less harsh and not as prone to leave a residue, but many men prefer soap. At least select a brand that has no detergents or deodorants and is specifically formulated for the face.

Cleanse in the morning and at night. If your skin is very dry, you might wish to use your soap or lotion only at night, and rinse your face with tepid water only in the morning.

TONING: Follow cleansing with a liquid toner (astringent for problem skin, non-alcohol formula for normal to dry skin) to remove any residue. Don't use rubbing alcohol, which is too harsh. Soak a cotton ball with toner and use circular motions. If you have a beard, a clean cotton towel will prevent an unsightly lint trail. Avoid the areas around the eyes and mouth, since they're more prone to dryness.

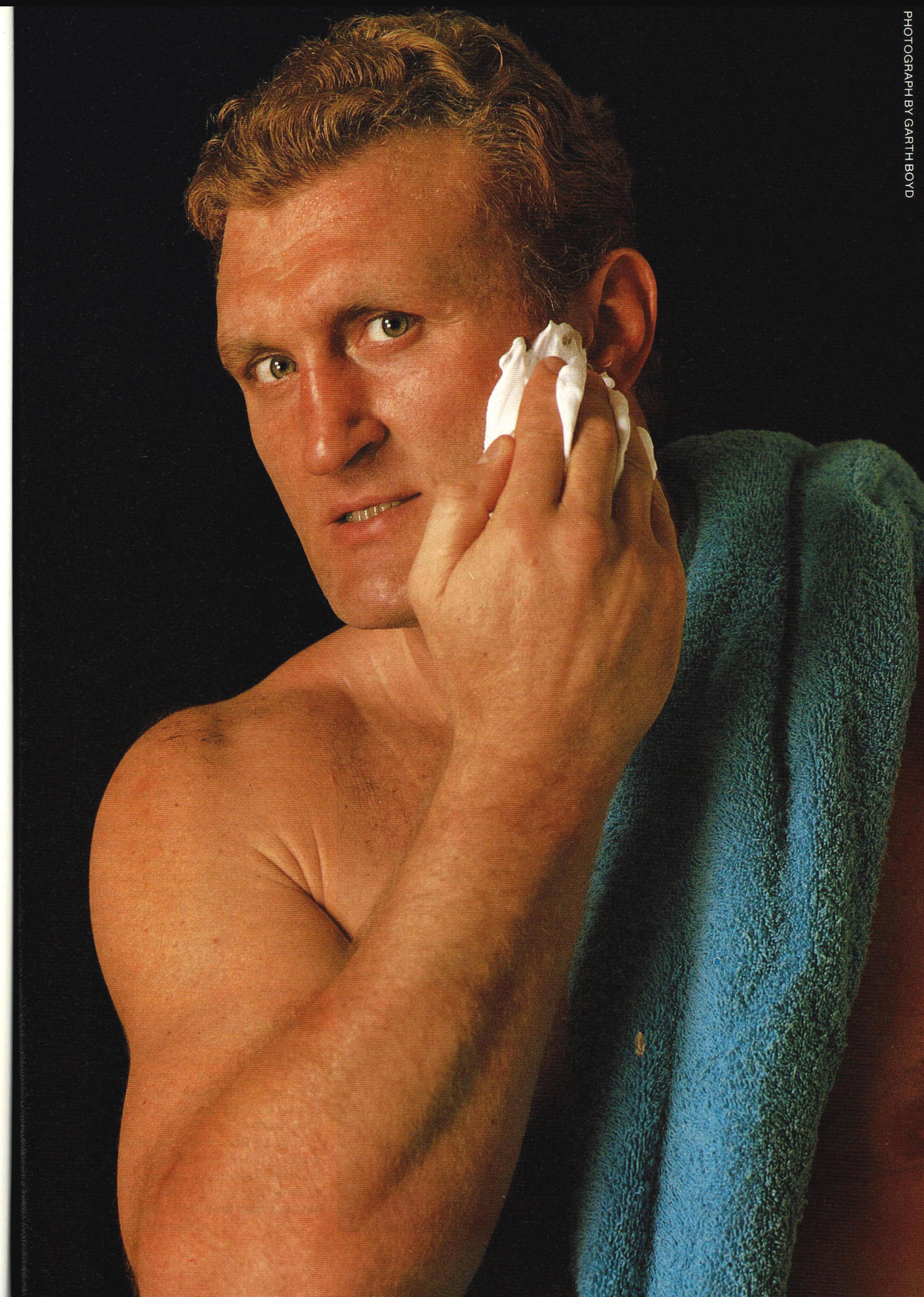
If you work out, leave a bottle of toner in your gym bag. Swabbing some over your face, chest, and neck after exercise is a great refresher. You don't need cotton — squirt some into your hands and splash it on, or use the edge of a clean cotton towel.

MOISTURISING: Ever see what happens to wet leather left in the sun? But if you slather on oil to seal the water in, the leather stays soft and supple. That's how moisturisers work. Water provides the true hydration, but it must be sealed in by an emollient in order to work.

Lighter oils come in bottles, sometimes with a pump, and should be used if your skin is in the slightly oily to normal range. (If you have very oily skin, skip this step entirely; ask your dermatologist for advice.) Normal to dry skin can use a pump-lotion, with a heavier cream for the eye, mouth or neck area.

Creams contain heavier oils and come in jars; they don't pour. Skin in the dry to extremely dry range would benefit from overall use of these, or an occlusive agent such as petroleum jelly (although many men find it too greasy for daytime wear).

Whether you use lotion or cream,



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARTH BOYD

Heavyweight boxer Joe Bugner believes light, regular skin care wins the round every time. His choice of shaving foam is Geoffrey Beene's Grey Flannel. He soaps up with Clarins Bain aux Plantes Lotion, and applies Clarins Orchidee Bleue Oil as a skin softener.

moisturise after toning, or more often if your skin is very dry.

SHAVING

1. Never shave when your skin is dry. Unsoftened whiskers are like wire, but when softened by warm water or steam they'll absorb one-third of their weight. Their expansion reduces the force necessary for shaving, meaning less irritation. Right after showering is an ideal time to shave. If that's not possible, at least give your face a two-to-four minute pre-shave soaking by splashing with tepid water and cleansing lotion. Commercial pre-shaves are either oily or astringent: one to lubricate, the other to dry and stiffen the hair. Choose one compatible with your skin type.

2. If you have dry skin, choose a shaving cream full of emollients. If your skin is oily, use a lather (such as mentholated cream) that has an anti-greasing formula.

3. Use short, light, minimal strokes when shaving, and work in the direction of growth. On some men this could mean a number of patches veering off in slightly different directions, particularly on the neck. Don't make the mistake of thinking that going against the grain gets more of the whisker; instead, you're increasing your chances of getting ingrown hairs.

4. Save the most sensitive or contoured areas (such as the chin) for last. When you've finished, rinse thoroughly and pat dry instead of rubbing your face with a towel.

5. If you suffer from razor burns or rash, run an ice cube over your face quickly and with even pressure. Avoid septic pencils: the ingredients have been known to scar.

6. If you shave with an electric razor, use a pre-electric shave, which has a high-alcohol content to make the whiskers stand on end, as well as lubricating oils to allow the razor to glide. You should still soften the skin by washing first, and rinse off thoroughly after shaving. If you have normal to oily skin, finish with an astringent to remove any traces of the pre-electric shave.

7. If you shave twice a day, try to use an electric razor at least once to reduce the chances of irritation.

8. If you have problem skin, try both blade and electric razors to see which best avoids nicking pimples. Some men grow a beard; others find that only aggravates the trouble. In any case, give yourself a breather as often as possible by letting your beard grow on the weekends. Rinse with cold water after shaving (ice particularly irritating sections to reduce redness or swelling), and finish with an astringent.

AFTER SHAVE

One of the worst grooming mistakes men make is to splash too much aftershave and cologne on their faces. Both products are loaded with alcohol, and by throwing it on, morning after morning, you're ageing your lower face and neck beyond their years. Don't mistake that tingling sensation for a beneficial "wake-up"!

Many fragrance-free shaving gels and balms now come with moisturisers and emollients (some in easy-to-use pump bottles) for those with normal to dry skin. Talcs, meanwhile, absorb oils and perspiration on the skin. But don't overdo, or you'll look as if your face has been floured. Too much can also clog pores.

NO SWEAT

Sweating is a skin *cleanser* rather than a skin clogger. Perspiration is an excretion of mostly water, various salts and minerals and acidic waste products. Although women actually have more sweat glands than men, men sweat more out of fewer glands. The problems — from odor to breakouts — only start when sweat left on the skin triggers a bacterial build-up.

Your athletic wear is another bacterial breeding ground: anything (and anywhere) that traps moisture is susceptible. Change clothing and towels as often as you work out, and wear absorbent cotton socks that

(continued on page 112)

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SAVING FACE

A staggering array of new skin care products for Australian men has forever changed what the well-dressed face is wearing. Here's our buyer's guide (all prices are approximate). Products are available from major department stores.

Start out with the basics: cleanser/toner/moisturiser. Each of these lines provides everything from soaps to masks. Begin a no-frills regimen with the products designed specifically for your skin type, and add masks as you wish later on.

ARAMIS: 900 RANGE All fragrance-free, dermatologist-tested. Daily Cleansing Soap ($15/150g net); Clarifying Face Formula ($18/100ml): astringent lotion helps remove excess oils and impurities from skin. Granula Face Scrub ($19/100ml): deep cleansing granules eliminate excess oils and impurities. Skin Corrector ($16/15ml): stick heals blemishes, eliminates redness. Maximum Moisture Lotion ($22/50ml): super rich moisture lotion. Face Activator ($18/100ml): energising face mask, removes surface impurities to keep pores unclogged.

ARAMIS: REGULAR RANGE Moisturising Aftershave ($28/60ml). RNA Bio-complex Moisture Cream ($32/50ml): lightweight, deeply penetrating moisture cream for healthier, younger skin.

CLINIQUE Allergy-tested fragrance-free line. Face soap ($19/150g); M Lotion, a non-greasy moisturiser ($19/60ml). Plus: Cream Shave ($14), Face Scrub ($14), Non-Streak Bronzer ($13), Touch Stick for blemishes ($18).

SKIN MAINTENANCE FOR MEN BY PACO RABANNE This comprehensive line includes Cleansing Bar ($13/100g net); Facial Scrub ($25/50ml); Facial Toner ($25/100ml); Maintaining Aftershave Soother ($28/50ml); Maintaining Moisture Conditioner ($28/50ml); Maintaining Color Tone E2 to promote outdoor color while protecting you from sun and weather exposure ($25/50ml).

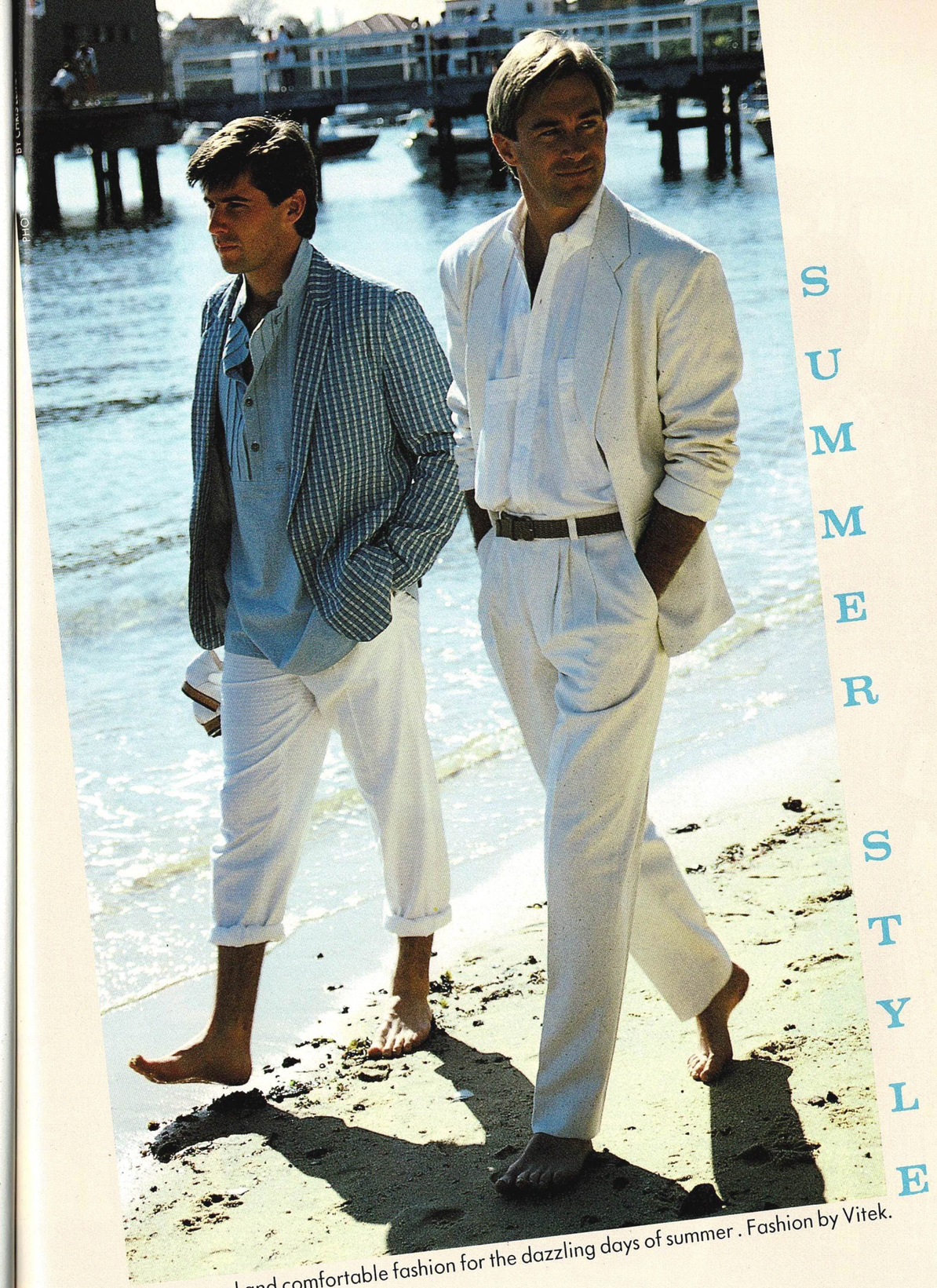
LAGERFELD Beard Softener/Conditioning Cleanser Pre-shave ($19/100ml); Shave Foam ($22/150ml); After Protective Moisture Cream ($25/100ml); Moisturising Bronzer: protective sunscreen ($19/100ml).

AZZARO POUR HOMME Double Action Cream ($39.50/2½oz net): use after shaving, eases skin irritations, heals grazes and cuts; protects skin against weather; prevents lines and wrinkles and sets up beard for close shave.

JACOMO-DE-JACOMO PARIS Skin care range includes Emulsion gommante ($35/100ml): skin scrub to lift impurities, revitalises skin, can be left on as a mask; Hydro-actif Moisturiser, non-greasy ($32/100ml); Gel Apres-Rasage Unifiant ($46/100ml): balm unifying toner; all natural color from walnut extract.

JAN STUART: Normal-to-oily and normal-to-dry formulas. Combines shaving and cleansing procedures to avoid double washing dilemma for men. Herbal Shaving/Cleansing Creme ($15/4oz) normal-to-oily; Collagen Shaving/Cleansing Creme ($15/4oz) normal-to-dry. Toners: Eucalyptus Aftershave/Astringent ($15/4oz) normal-to-oily; Aloe Aftershave/Toner ($15/4oz) normal-to-dry. Moisturisers: Wheat Germ/Aloe Day Moisturiser ($18.95/2oz) normal-to-oily; Collagen/Aloe Day Moisturiser ($18.95/2oz) normal-to-dry. Plus Aloe/Mineral Firming Masque ($20.50/2oz) normal-to-oily; Chamomile/Protein Firming Masque ($20.50/2oz) normal-to-dry. Available from selected salons around Australia.

Compiled by Holly Grounds



SUMMER STYLE

Cool, casual and comfortable fashion for the dazzling days of summer. Fashion by Vitek.

On the left, black and white checked blouson jacket ($90) and white pants with button-up cuffs ($60) from Suave. On the right, a co-ordinated white linen look featuring jacket ($220), crew-necked T-shirt ($78) and pants ($170) by Harry Who.

Previous page: on the left, a casual but dressy effect with a blue seersucker jacket ($160) with white pants ($80) from Tres Bon. On the right, a cream cotton suit ($266), also from Tres Bon.

Cutaway singlet top ($35) and long shorts ($44) by Plot.

On the left, collared T-shirt ($23) worn with white pants ($33) from Stubbies. On the right, cut-away singlet ($40) partnered by drawstring pants ($55) from Men Only.

On the left, boldly printed blouson jacket ($98) worn over tailored white shorts ($38) by Plot. On the right, ribbed cutaway T-shirt ($30) teamed with matching pants ($60) and topped with bright shirt ($80), all by Joe Bananas.

On the left, bright splashes of color with a baggy overshirt ($110), inside shirt ($70) and lemon pants ($60) by Joe Bananas. On the right, it's all purple and white in Plot's elasticised pants ($60) teamed with bold shirt ($60).

All men's shoes by William Cooks. Her fashion from the Summer '86 GS Collection by George Spirou.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF KELLY

"Now if you're gonna stay cool — you gotta put something down, you gotta make some jive. Don't ya know what I'm talkin' about?" — Brando (*The Wild One*)

THE ART OF BEING Cool

Mel Green tells how to stay loose and go with the flow.

THIS IS DEDICATED to JCs — the followers of the school of Joe Cool. JCism is the philosophy of those who live in harmony with the great Universal Cool, from which all things flow and to which they return once they have cruised around their own particular groove in the world. JCism, or the way of the Joe Cool, is the purest expression of Universal Cool. Walking, talking, even standing still, the JC is cool.

Everyone has known a JC. The first kid in kindergarten to wear long pants, ride his tricycle down the slippery dip and write his name by peeing on the wall of the back lane was a young JC. In high school, the JC always came late to class, sat in the back balancing his chair on one leg while striving to carve the perfect pair of breasts on his desk with a Bic pen and *still* passed.

A JC manages to arrive at the party just as it's peaking, somehow giving the impression that things picked up when he walked in the door. He gracefully rescues an attractive woman from a *dull* conversation with a guy who has one long eyebrow and a pinky ring. Together, they quietly split the party before the keg starts pumping foam.

Those who don't have the snap, crackle or courage to hang with Universal Cool must live out their lives in the dark realm of The Dull, condemned to being punched by the Bundy, wearing discount clothes and slowly dying of botulism from eating the soggy water crackers served in third-rate discos and other singles holding tanks.

But to contemplate the miserable is to strain the eyes, and JCs aren't into strain. So slip on your shades and let's cop some golden rays of Universal Cool and see what's happening!

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

The following are the right attitudes that make up the outlook of the JC:

1. By all means, and under any circumstances, Remain Cool.
2. Take shit from no man, woman, child or small mammal (this can also include household appliances, vehicles and plants).
3. Never wear a jogging suit.
4. Eliminate The Dull wherever it is found.
5. Never queue across intersections.
6. Always carry sunglasses.
7. Avoid winter.

(continued on page 84)

HISTORY OF THE JC

Prehistoric: Fire discovered by a JC when he lights his cigarette. Later that day he discovers oil for the wheel.
The Dark Ages: A *very* dull time for JCs: the Plague and the Inquisition — too much pain and too many questions. Most JCs head for the tropics.
Discovery Of Australia: Cook establishes cruising as a viable profession.
World War One: Combat boots really catch on.
The 1950s: Rock'n'Roll years. Elvis, Brando and Dean consecrate blue jeans and grease.

POSTURE

The early JCs were often ridiculed and ostracised for their "casual slouch" — a posture utilised for sustained contemplation or just hanging out. Frequent "finger combing" of the hair has always been used by JCs to stimulate thought. "Spontaneous dancing" with or without music is essential in keeping the attitude loose and to prevent The Dull from entering the body.

In addition to body language, the JC maintains a constant state of verbal alertness. He's never at a loss for a bizarre association such as, "Her hair was babooning down her back."

As always, the important thing is to Eliminate The Dull. But, and this is very important, the JC knows that too much of anything all the time can become dull, and that includes being cool, so a JC will occasionally make some intentional blunder that endears him to others.

Of course, the real power of the intentional blunder is the "cool" way in which the Dude recovers. Like Daryl Somers recovering from a joke that bombs, the JC looks twice as good because he takes a fall but lands on his feet. "What a bloke, what a man — what a JC!"

SITUATIONS

The JC always seems to be able to get away with things that other people simply don't have the imagination to deal with.

For example, the JC finds himself at dinner with a number of people. The bill arrives. Everyone chips in but the bill is still short. It is obvious that someone is not paying his share. Which of the following does the JC do?
(a) Excuses himself from the table and drives home.
(b) Calls the waiter over and says, "There must be some mistake — we asked for separate bills."
(c) Generously makes up the difference out of his pocket. Then next day he phones up the guilty party and says, "I'll eat your dog if you don't pay me back."
(d) Convinces his date that the bill could be a write-off on *her* company expense account.
(e) Quickly executes an abstract drawing on the tablecloth. The management is more than happy to accept it as payment for the dinner, and offers brandy and cigars all around. The JC enjoys the cigar but sends the brandy back.

At a party, an obviously inebriated girl asks the JC if he will walk her home. The JC complies. However, half-way down the block he notices her panties are falling down around her knees. Which of the following does the JC do?
(a) He does his best to ignore it.
(b) Pulls them up for her.
(c) Pulls them down for her.
(d) Removes his underwear and offers to trade with her.
(e) Calls the police and turns himself in.

The JC asks a girl to dance and she declines. How should he respond?
(a) "It's all right — I won't make fun of the way you dance."
(b) "Yeah, I never accept charity either."
(c) "I guess I have to give that money back to your Dad."
(d) "Shit! Now who am I gonna cast in my movie?"
(e) "Oh well, another lonely night on the yacht."

JCs know the answers. If you're not one, ask one.

JCs AND SEX

JCs are very advanced sexually. They don't talk about sex — they do it. Although they enjoy talking about it *while* they're doing it.

At 13 the curious JC has already skimmed the *Kama Sutra*, scoped *The Joy Of Sex* and purchased large quantities of tinted rubbers from the neighborhood chemist. But as a man he has come to appreciate the basics: he knows no amount of acrobatics, batteries or chemical stimulants can replace a good kiss and a deftly controlled missionary position. However, a little leather is okay — a JC has been known to keep his boots on.

JCs see sex as more of a dance than a race — finishing first doesn't mean you've won.

MARLON BRANDO

In *The Wild One* he was a biker JC.
In *On The Waterfront* he was a street-fightin' JC.
In *Last Tango In Paris* he was a sexy JC.
In *Apocalypse Now* he was a fat JC.

THE JC APARTMENT

Nothing with contact paper.
No wallpaper with floral prints, recipes or fuzz.
No clear plastic paper-weights with some poor creature embedded in the middle.
No hotel towels or empty imported beer bottles as decorator items.
Anything black.
Nothing that is supposed to look like something other than what it really is. Plastic wood for instance. A real dead tree is better than a plastic "live" one. The one exception is large fake boulders — there's just something about them.
A futon is cool. Most anything Japanese except hara-kiri is cool, but, then again, if things get really dull...
Dimmer switches on everything including the television.
Stereo, of course, but there are many variations on this. Anything from 300-watt public address speakers hooked up to a Sony Walkman to a fierce little ghetto blaster with some paint splattered on it.
JCs living alone can tend to fall down a little in the refrigerator department. It is customary when visiting a fellow JC to immediately check out his fridge. The contents can range from a half-eaten pizza to a forlorn Foster's and a 12-volt car battery.

JC DUDS

It's not so much what a JC wears as how he wears it. A JC can wear any color, because once he puts it on, it is imbued with the Universal Cool — it becomes cool to wear. However, there are some basics in the JC wardrobe:
- faded jeans (of course)
- anything black except for garters
- leather jacket (never suede and never fake)
- white T-shirt (with no stupid sayings)
- old boots, cowboy boots, rubber boots, motorcycle boots, work boots, climbing boots, steel-toed boots, combat boots, ski boots, lead boots, snake boots, hunting boots, ice boots, fire boots, space boots, flood boots, fall-out boots, wood boots, flying boots.

ACCESSORIES

Sunglasses, of course.

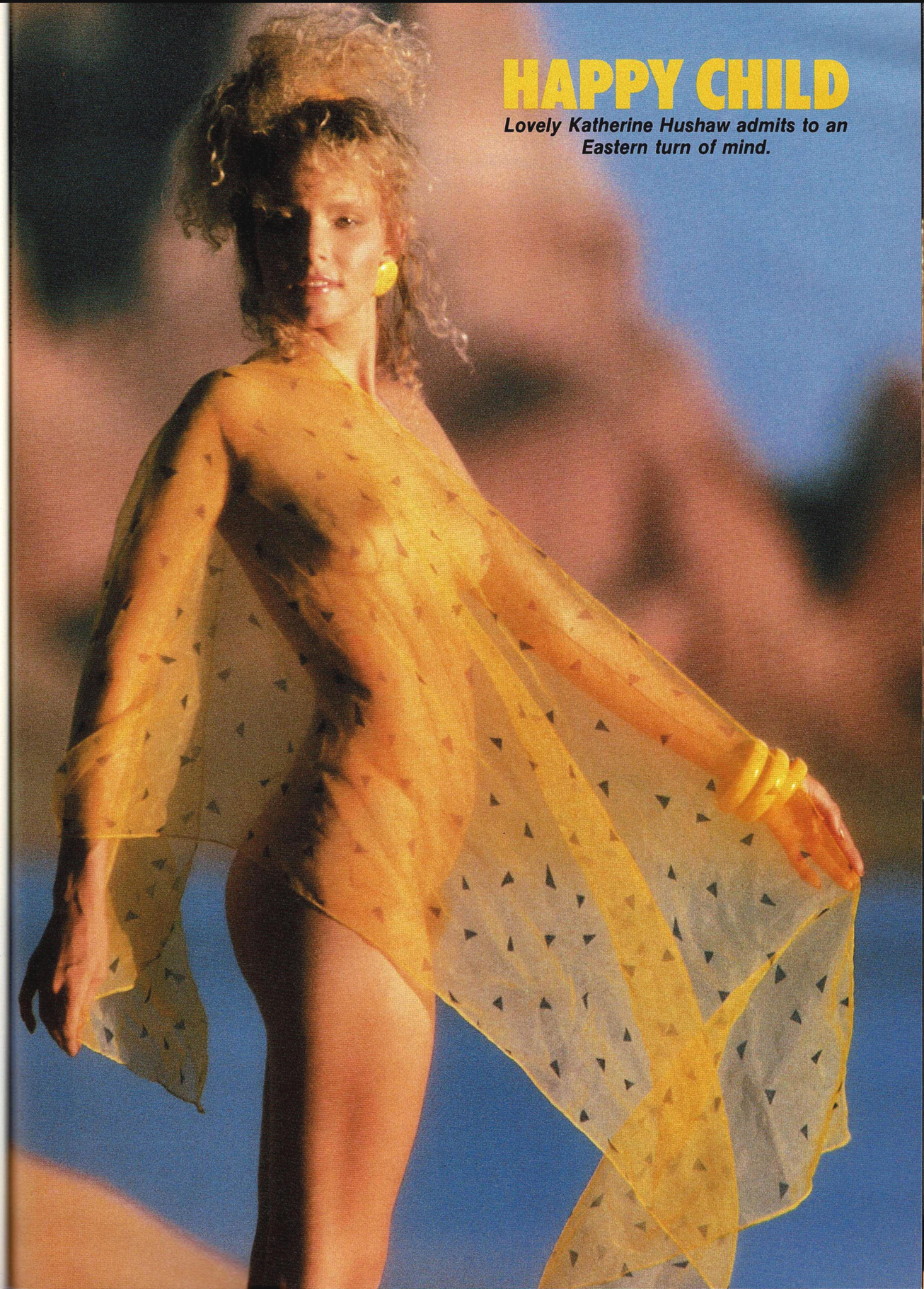
JC WORDS

Later, pistons, go, packed, state of the art, juxtaposed, alternative action, glandular mode, really?, serious, post-punk, beat, fully loaded, way gone, Beta, CD, EP, swell, zoned, Apocalyptic, destructo, killer, shark attack, shooters, flake, spicy, orgasmic, hyper, totally fucked, severely fucked, way fucked, fucked up, re-fucked, reptile, nasty, man overboard, techno-pop, automatic pilot, cruise control, beast, hog, horrorshow, anal, righteous, bashed, dog's breath, lizard, spanked, spanky, spank action, horrendous, absofuckinlutely, blah blah blah...

JC LIST

Mike Munro is a news JC.
Richard Pryor is a black JC.
Jerry Lee Lewis is a killer JC.
Greg Matthews is a cricket JC.
James Reyne is a rock JC.
Sam Shepard is a righteous JC.
Van Gogh was a crazy JC.
Sam Neill is a film JC.
Bruce Springsteen is a married JC.
Pat Cash is a tennis JC.
Mickey Rourke is the archetypal JC.
John Travolta wishes he were a JC.
Prince is not a JC — he's something else.

"The idea is to have a ball."
— Brando (*The Wild One*)



HAPPY CHILD

Lovely Katherine Hushaw admits to an Eastern turn of mind.

Katherine Hushaw is busy, busy, busy. She studies Japanese art, archaeology, self-defence and shiatsu massage. At the shiatsu school she's known as Sachiko. That's Japanese for "happy child". The name fits. Katherine is bright, bubbly and full of fun. "I've wanted to be in PLAYBOY since I was 11," she giggles. "I can't believe it's finally happened." Apart from modelling assignments and posing for PLAYBOY, Katherine has found time to work as a radio voice-over artist, to train as a helicopter pilot, to make TV commercials and feature in two films.

Katherine tells us she's a very silly girl. "I love to laugh," she says, "but I'm very serious about my Japanese studies and my work and, of course, about posing for PLAYBOY. Being photographed nude was a very sensuous experience. Also painful! You have to hold those poses for a long time. I felt pretty. Sexy, too. Sex is great. It's that spark that keeps you going. It's the animating factor in this world." When we ask this lovely, spirited lady about the future, she replies, "I want to go to China. I am fascinated by the Far East. But, really, I don't spend much time thinking about the future. The present is interesting enough."

JOHNSTON (continued from page 38)

I do suspect that the Brussels disaster is a watershed in the sad history of crowd violence.

misbehaved at Brussels. As far as I know, prosecutions are continuing. It remains to be seen what steps will be taken against those responsible for ticket sales and security.

PLAYBOY: Yet it was said later that the harmony between the fans outside the ground before the game was exemplary.

JOHNSTON: Yes, I heard that people were swapping scarves and badges and getting along pretty well. I guess that makes what happened in the stadium all the more senseless. The full weight of what happened wasn't felt by the players until we arrived back in Liverpool and noted the media reaction and saw the images on TV. I had a better idea of exactly what had happened because the next morning I had returned to the stadium where I was interviewed by Geoff Sims of the ABC. I don't know if that was a smart thing to do because there were a lot of angry people down there, bewildered and some no doubt looking for revenge.

PLAYBOY: What was the mood among the Liverpool players when they learned of the death toll?

JOHNSTON: Helplessness, I think. The feeling going through my mind was, "How can we right this wrong?" Of course, you can't and that's why we felt so helpless and ashamed. You can't distance yourself from the actions of your fans. I admire the club for the way it suffered the recriminations. Everybody who was emotionally removed knew that all the past sins of British fans, to which Liverpool had never been party, had been focused into that one day and our club would have to feel the backlash of the entire European football community. I think any organisation with less spine than Liverpool would have lashed out in all directions, blaming the poor security, the ticket shambles or whatever. It was a very emotion-charged period and Liverpool knew the only decent response was to bow the head and silently accept whatever punishment was coming.

PLAYBOY: The punishment was that all English clubs were banned from European competition. Do you think that was suitable?

JOHNSTON: What price do you put on 39 lives? I do suspect that the Brussels disaster is a watershed in the sad history of crowd violence. The efforts to promote harmony between supporters and promote the game for the right reasons took on new importance after Brussels. In Britain they've formed a nationwide association called The Friends Of Football which seeks members among those people who look for the best rather than the worst in sport. So, maybe it took something as tragic as the Heysel disaster to shock enough people into doing something about the problem.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the most amazing sequel of all was the fact that Liverpool revived itself and resurrected much of its pride with an astonishingly successful season in 1985-86.

JOHNSTON: Yes. That showed quite a deal of character. When we returned from Brussels without the European Cup and stigmatised by what had happened, it was like the whole of Merseyside was looking for somewhere to hide. Everton had won the first division championship and the European Cup Winners' Cup while the so-called mighty Reds had finished trophy-less amid the ruins of Heysel. People couldn't look each other in the face anymore. If half the squad had put in for transfers, you couldn't have blamed them. Fagan resigned and the reins were handed on to Kenny Dalglish who would serve as player-manager. I think just about everybody outside Liverpool saw it as a mistake. However, Bob Paisley came out of retirement to act as Kenny's assistant and with the squad intact we knew it was business as usual.

PLAYBOY: Did *you* feel like going back to Liverpool?

JOHNSTON: I spent the off-season back in Australia, wondering and hoping that I'd fit into Kenny's plans better than Fagan's. Everybody wanted to talk about Brussels and I had to think twice about eating in my favorite Italian restaurants in Sydney. I suppose, of all the Liverpool players, I must have caused the most doubts for Kenny because of the way I'd behaved under Fagan. Just before I was due to return to start pre-season training, I received an international call. It was Kenny. That was our first conversation as player and manager. He called me "Springsteen" because I was always flogging Bruce's music on the team coach sound system. I called him Boss. I think he knew then that everything was going to be all right.

PLAYBOY: Had you always got on well with Dalglish?

JOHNSTON: He's always had the club's best interests at heart and probably understands better than anyone just why Liverpool has been so successful in the toughest football league in the world. Kenny is not just an outstanding player, he appreciates what loyalty, harmony and all those other intangibles can mean. When I joined Liverpool, the first one to drop around and greet me, take me house-hunting and make me feel welcome was Kenny Dalglish. He has known for ages that great teams need mutual respect and friendship as part of the winning formula. He doesn't drink or smoke, is a great family man and eats and sleeps Liverpool. Club chairman John Smith says Dalglish is the best purchase the club ever made. Appointing him manager was a master stroke.

PLAYBOY: That season ended in triumph for Liverpool with the FA Cup victory. By all accounts TV scriptwriters could not have written a more climactic end to the season. . .

JOHNSTON: . . . Liverpool and Everton, not only the top two teams in England but the two Merseyside giants in their first ever FA Cup Final. The odds on those two meeting must be a million to one but it happened in the year when Kenny Dalglish not only had the chance to win his first FA Cup medal but to become the first player-manager to lead a winning side at Wembley. Of course, there was the extra incentive to become the third club this century to win both the League and the Cup in the same season.

PLAYBOY: That must have created plenty of pressure for the players involved. Did that affect you?

JOHNSTON: I'd be a liar if I said it didn't. I had to put a message on my answering service because the phone rang day and night for weeks with people trying to score a ticket. In the end £30 [*$75*] tickets were selling for £1000 [*$2500*]. Wembley holds 100,000. If it held three times that many I still don't think it could have accommodated everybody who wanted to be there for the '86 Cup Final. As far as the game in England was concerned, this was history being made. That first fortnight in May was just a blur for me. Our second child was born on May 1, Liverpool beat Chelsea on May 3 to win the League Championship. We had a midweek game at Anfield where we were presented with the Championship trophy, then on the following Saturday, May 10, we found ourselves at Wembley.

PLAYBOY: What were your thoughts on seeing the goal replayed on TV?

JOHNSTON: Considering what was at stake I must admit to being happy about the timing of my run to arrive unmarked when Jan Molby fired the ball across the penalty area. I'm glad I didn't have time to think about it. I took it on the inside of the right foot. Somebody up there must have said: "You've worked hard, so you deserve this chance."

PLAYBOY: There was speculation in the Australian media that you would then be selected by Scotland to play in the World Cup Finals. Instead, you came back to Australia to do the TV commentary for the ABC. What happened there?

JOHNSTON: I'd been asked by Kenny Dalglish would I consider making myself available for Scotland. Steve Nichol was right-back for Liverpool and Scotland and I had a great understanding with him. I'd

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been in good form and I gather Kenny thought we might be able to do a job for Scotland.

PLAYBOY: But how could an Australian play for another country?

JOHNSTON: I have a Scottish grandparent.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't you have preferred to play for Australia?

JOHNSTON: The Australian Soccer Federation [*ASF*] had made it abundantly clear it didn't consider me eligible for Australia because I had played for England as an under 21. As it turned out the ASF was wrong because the over-riding document was my Aussie citizenship which meant I was first and foremost eligible for Australia. I was less than impressed with the ASF's attitude and did not feel compelled to force myself upon an association which had hardly gone out of its way to make me welcome. You can't win in those sorts of situations.

PLAYBOY: Would Liverpool have been sympathetic?

JOHNSTON: Without putting too fine a point on it, they were dead against me playing for Australia. The questions of distance and diametrically opposed seasons didn't appeal to the club. I would have put my livelihood and first team place in jeopardy by declaring myself available for Australia. That was a career risk I was not prepared to take, particularly when there were no indications from Australia that I would be recompensed for any losses.

PLAYBOY: Can you understand some Aussies being concerned by a course of events which has precluded their country's finest player from wearing the green and gold?

JOHNSTON: Sure. It cost me plenty of sleepless nights. I grew up in an era of Australian Olympic, tennis, boxing and cricket success when every kid dreamed about the honor of wearing the green and gold.

When we won the America's Cup I threw a party in Liverpool. When we lose at cricket I bleed along with the rest of the Aussie fans. But the idea of playing for the ASF does not engender any national passion.

PLAYBOY: Does it grieve you that soccer has not taken a firmer hold in Australia?

JOHNSTON: Only inasmuch as it's meant I've had to live 19,000 kays from home in order to make a living out of the game. I try not to buy into the problems of Aussie soccer. It is too beset with politics. My best memories of soccer in Australia are at 12 or 14 years of age when you are playing for the sheer joy of it, no politics or money involved. Also no complex coaching to knock the natural flair and spontaneity out of young kids. When I return I'd love to get involved at that level again. There is no cynicism or back-stabbing in that scene.

PLAYBOY: Yet you volunteered to act as a figurehead for the Sports Aid campaign in Australia and managed to bring home the FA Cup to help the promotion. Didn't that involve a great deal of politicking?

JOHNSTON: When I was asked to do the job I had this nightmare that the rest of the world would be running and Australia wouldn't even know about it. I had the idea that if I could bring the Cup home it would create the sort of publicity the Run The World campaign needed. I think it worked.

PLAYBOY: The Cup had never been outside Britain before. How did you arrange it?

JOHNSTON: I put the idea to Bob Geldof and he said, "No, that's impossible." I told him I couldn't believe Bob Geldof would use the word "impossible". So we got working on the idea. It was late on the afternoon I flew out and we had to get permission off the English Football Association and Liverpool, and then arrange security for the Cup plus ticketing to Australia. At first, nobody wanted to take responsibility for giving permission for the Cup to leave the country. By then we were running out of time. Geldof, who knows how to shoot from the hip when it comes to dealing with politicians and administrators, got on the phone and started applying some pressure. By five o'clock we had been on the phone all afternoon and I left for the airport while the Cup was being zapped down the motorway from Liverpool to join me on the flight. Until I arrived at Heathrow I still wasn't sure we had succeeded in getting the Cup. The Aussie media turned on a great reception when we landed. That week I

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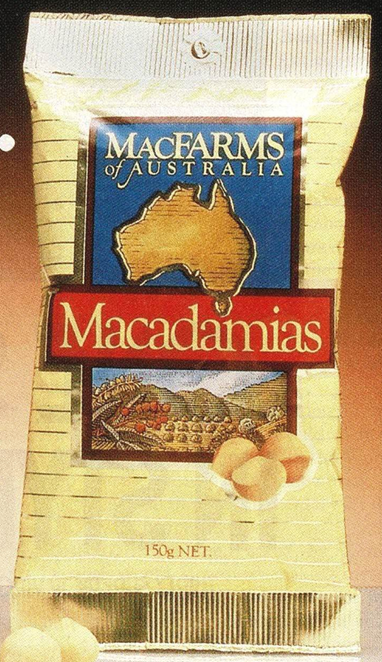

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made four trips between England and Australia and appeared in four capital cities including Perth where we had the America's Cup and the FA Cup on show together.

PLAYBOY: During the off-season in Australia you completed a commentary stint with the ABC's World Cup team. What were your impressions of that experience and the tournament?

JOHNSTON: The commentary role was a real education. At first I made the mistake of being low key, but that doesn't work in television. I thought about it and figured that seeing I was the so-called football expert on the panel, I would have to be a lot more emphatic. There were many in the audience who were watching that standard of soccer for the first time and they had to be considered. I'd played against many of the fellas in the World Cup and it was apparent to me what some of the team tactics were. As a player it is easier to isolate the important components of a match and explain their value. That was the role I adopted as a commentator.

PLAYBOY: What about the humor content?

JOHNSTON: When you're in a sporting environment such as a football team there is always the humor angle. It's conditioning. When I'm watching football, I always look for the angle. If something funny occurs to me, then I come out with it.

PLAYBOY: What about the football?

JOHNSTON: Superb. Irrespective of Diego Maradona's contribution, Argentina deserved to win. They were a fine team led by a football genius and it was a privilege to witness what happened in Mexico. It is hard for those who haven't played soccer to understand the true brilliance of that standard of player. He is not only one of the most skilful players of all time but in a 30 metre sprint he would murder just about anybody you could name. The type of goals he scored shows he has the confidence that comes only with supreme skill. His build and low centre of gravity give him tremendous strength on the ball, making it very hard to dispossess him. On top of all that he has marvellous vision. Not only does he have the skill to play perfectly weighted one touch passes to put men into goal-scoring positions, but he has the eyes to spot the opportunity long before a defence can adjust itself to cover. If you've got Maradona's World Cup '86 efforts on tape, never erase them. They'll be something to show your grandkids because that sort of player comes along about once or twice in a lifetime.

PLAYBOY: You've appeared in an award-winning commercial on behalf of Tooheys Draught. How do you reconcile your sporting lifestyle with the consumption of alcohol?

JOHNSTON: First off, I have no qualms whatsoever about enjoying a beer at the appropriate time. Most of the Liverpool players drink but all do it in moderation. If anybody in our squad made a habit of drinking too much the matter would solve itself because he could no longer be competitive enough to hold his first team place. For that reason athletes are the best people to stick on beer ads. Beer is a great way to quench a thirst, but an athlete must do it in moderation. Secondly, you don't see me drinking in the ad. I think that's important. The association is there, and that's enough.

PLAYBOY: What are your aims for the current season and the future?

JOHNSTON: To play my way into international football and continue to do well at Liverpool. After commenting on the World Cup, I'm really turned on by the prospect of being part of the next finals in Italy in 1990. That would be a worthy goal.

PLAYBOY: Your soccer career might be over within five or seven years. What will you do then?

JOHNSTON: Seek a career and work as hard at it as I have at my football.

PLAYBOY: What sort of career?

JOHNSTON: The field in which I've had some experience has been media, particularly radio and television. I'm intrigued by technology and my current profession has meant I've gained a little experience and plenty of contacts inside the industry. Whatever happens, I'll be seeking a job with enough time off to watch my kids growing up in Australia.

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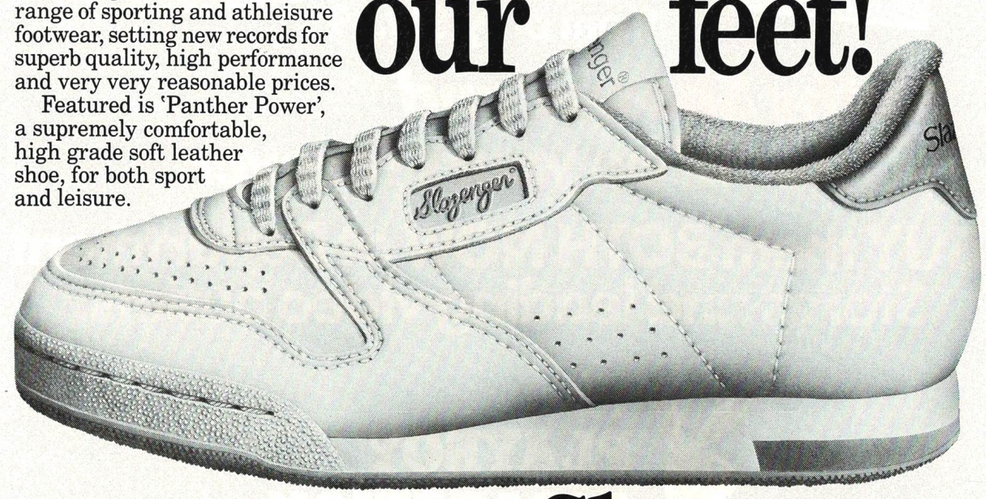

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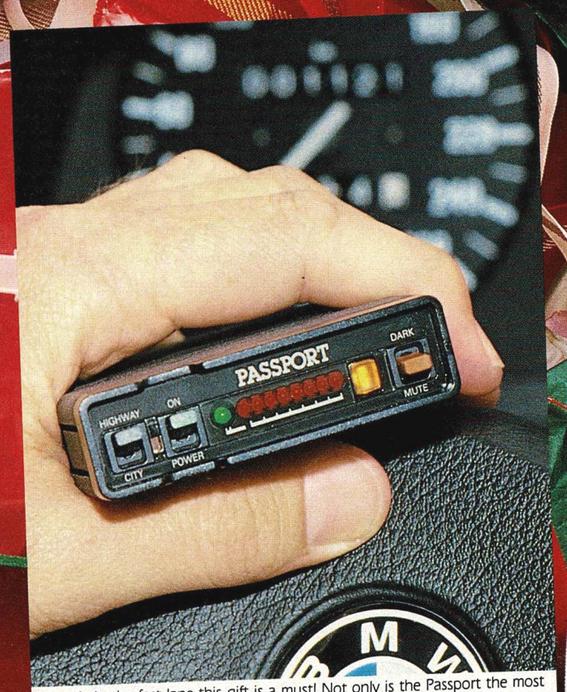

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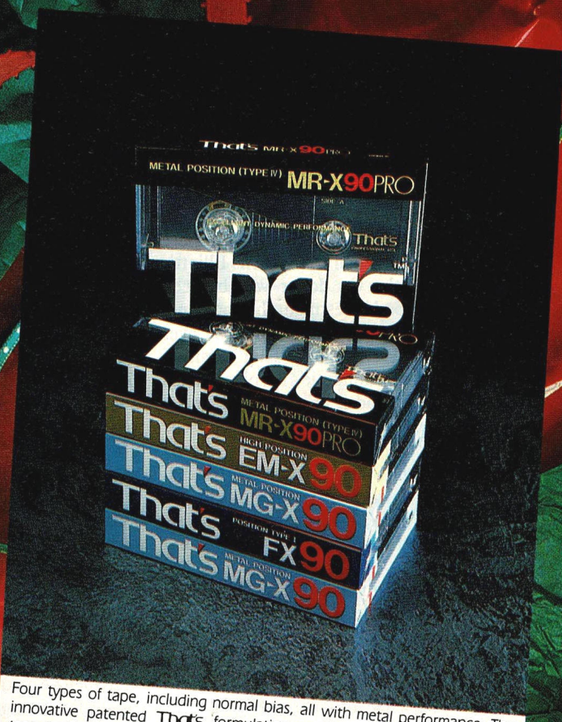

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FOREX

(continued from page 44)

Is booze an occupational hazard? "Yeah, sure. Probably more so for the younger guys."

9.32 — It happens. Jones buys $5 million and sells the same amount, turning thousands of dollars in profit on a 10-second transaction. The buyer is a Singapore merchant bank, which strengthens Elliott's opinion that the Oz dollar will be seen offshore as a good investment this morning.

The lines around Elliott's opaque eyes relax somewhat. His team's "long" position on the Australian dollar (ie a surplus) stands them in good stead if another bank gets a customer who wants to buy Aussie. The second bank will have to cover by buying Oz dollars from the State. On the other hand, if a corporate customer wants to sell Oz dollars to the bank, it will end up excessively "long". Elliott's analysis is that this won't happen.

9.45 — A merchant bank offers a low rate on the Oz dollar, hoping to drive the rate even lower so that he can buy. It doesn't work. Someone takes up the offer, but the dollar doesn't drop.

9.50 — Just when Elliott remarks that it's difficult to tell if he has the right position because there's little movement in the market, another bank calls Jones to buy $5 million. Elliott then sells $3 million to a third bank, and the State sits at a manageable +$5 million. The profits taken have been reasonable, but not great.

By selling, Elliott both escapes from his risky position and possibly will drive the rate lower, thus enabling him to buy again. He still adheres to the belief that the buyers will arrive.

9.58 — The delayed reaction sets in, and the dollar drops. Jones buys another $5½ million. He buys $3 million more, raising his position to $13½ million. Meanwhile, the sterling dealer is sitting square, the Deutschmark trader has 5 million and the yen man is short by 3 million.

10.11 — The squawkboxes, which are direct lines from big brokers, come alive as a small flurry of trading develops. Dealers yell spot prices for various currencies at one another, as they make split-second decisions on whether to buy, sell or stand pat. With each transaction, the dealers scribble details on their position sheets, to keep a running tally of how many millions they do or do not have.

10.23 — The flurry abates, the Oz dollar has gone up and Elliott directs his team to make phone calls for the opposition's prices on the other currencies. Jones sells two lots of $5 million at the new, higher rate.

10.27 — The dollar drops again, Jones quickly divests his last $3½ million and within moments holds a "short" position of -$7 million, which is in line with the bank's long-term strategy on the Oz dollar during these volatile times. A quick tally of the morning's activity shows that Elliott's strategy has profited the bank to the tune of about $35,000.

•

In no other banking sector can this kind of money be made in such short order. A big Australian foreign exchange trader can turn over perhaps $2 billion in a busy day's trading, and the profits from that sort of volume could far exceed a mere $35,000.

It's not surprising, then, that the people in the dealers' rooms are highly paid, hard-working, quick-thinking and widely envied by colleagues elsewhere in the banking fraternity. Envy? "Hatred, that's a better word," says Youle during an infamously long lunch at City Tattersalls Club in downtown Sydney.

"When you look at division of responsibility, delegation of authority between the average bank manager and the average foreign exchange dealer, it would make the average manager fall over and die," he declares. "In a small branch, you might spend three months debating over which typewriter to buy and, in the end, decide not to buy any."

As assistant general manager of the bank's treasury, Youle could be a stuffed-shirt in his own right, but he's been in the forex too long for that. Instead, the diminutive Brit has all the fire and flamboyance of a player-manager. He doesn't mince words or ideas.

Actually, all of the team members ensconced in the plush booth at Tattersalls seem a tad out of the ordinary. Youle chalks it up to enthusiasm, the trait he looks for in every dealer. Each man certainly has something unusual, perhaps a hint of the outsider, about him. And all of these three who work the room are young.

Mackay, the 21-year-old trainee, is a smooth bear of a fellow, rather laconic in demeanor, giving nothing away. He looks like he would be a formidable poker player. Jones has the ingenuousness of an Australian but, at age 29, his dark eyes are singed with a spark of guile, making him seem at once friendly and guarded. Hair brushed back and parted in the middle, speech quick but considered, Jones at another time in history might have made a great gunfighter. The current top gun, 31-year-old Elliott, is already going grey and has the assurance of a man 10 years his senior. He says if he weren't a forex dealer, he might be a bookmaker.

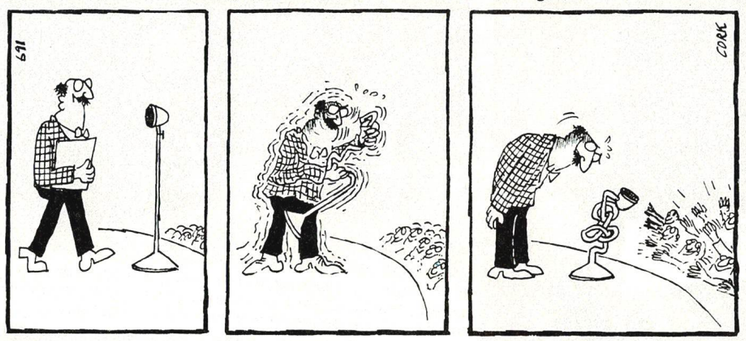
The food and service at lunch are great, leading us on to the topic of forex traders' fame in all things social. "Sure, there are lunches, but 80 percent of them are with customers," Elliott says. "They're not things you hate doing, but it's not like going out and drinking for three hours with your mates. It's work."

Jones mentions he went out for drinks with a bloke from another bank the previous night, but two-thirds of the time was spent talking shop. Why the rate went up or down that day, and information and analysis by other traders are an indispensable part of the job, he says, which is why forex dealers get together often. And all of them are by nature extroverts, he thinks.

Is booze an occupational hazard? "Not as much as Chinese food," says Elliott. Then, "Yeah, sure. Probably more so for the younger guys." Once the glamor of these gatherings wears off, and once it becomes harder to go full steam the morning after, successful dealers begin to ration the turps a bit, he says.

We chuckle and order another bottle of wine as Youle strengthens the point that getting along not only with your own teammate but with the other player is essential. "He might introduce a whole new aspect that you haven't considered yourself," says the coach. "He might have a different attitude. All banks have different policies."

Okay, lunches and cocktail parties have a serious purpose. But isn't their very glamor the cause of anger among more staid banker-types? "Nobody seems to concentrate on the fact there's not much glamor in being woken up three times a night, at one, two and three o'clock," says Elliott. "Certainly, your wife doesn't see glamor involved in it. There's no glamor in a



bruised rib, I can assure you of that."

He's not exaggerating. As chief dealer, Elliott is on call 24 hours a day when the dollar is volatile, because it's a product which is traded during the working day right around the globe. Elliott, and occasionally Youle, are the only senior staffers who face this inconvenience, but all the dealers come to work at about 7.30am and leave at around 7pm. On a busy day, six or seven of those hours involve intense, stressful trading.

Elliott carries an instrument that gives him spot prices on exchange rates around the world at the press of a button. He's been married for 10 years, and the fact that he has no children is not unrelated to his getting home at 9.30 every night. Jones, on the other hand, has two kids after six years of marriage and does not admit to job pressure creating even a spot of stress on the domestic front. "It doesn't affect me at home, I'm very happy-go-lucky," he claims.

Yet failed marriages, everyone agrees, are frequent among forex dealers. Young Mackay isn't married yet, but says his long working hours have already cost him a girlfriend or two.

Aside from the adrenalin rush of a moving market — which Jones says is the biggest satisfaction he gets out of dealing in currency — the pay packet is a major motivation for such ardent toil, and another reason for the envy. Six-figure salaries for qualified dealers can be seen in the classified listings, and even beginners like Mackay earn far more than they would do as branch tellers or accountants.

Five years ago, there were only about 25 forex dealers in Australia. Now there are more than 500 registered with the Forex Association. Elliott, who has been with his bank for 12 years and moved from the international sector into foreign exchange about six years ago (well before deregulation brought a flood of new banks and currency into the market-place), won't reveal how much he now earns. "I saw an item on a TV program that suggested chief dealers receive in the vicinity of $200,000 or $250,000 a year," he says. "Well, I'm dirty and I'm not talking to any of them, if that's what they're getting."

Neither he nor Jones tell casual aquaintances exactly what they do for a living. It's too much hassle. "They're either going to say, 'Well, who do you think you are?' or, 'What makes you so special?'" says Jones. When Mackay tells his young friends he deals in Eurodollars, they usually reply, "What?" But some say, "So *you're* the bloke who sold down the Aussie dollar."

Therein lies the problem. The tabloids rant about "currency cowboys" who manipulate Oz dollars and are accountable to no one. The thinking there is that foreign exchange dealers somehow "sell Australia short" by *creating* a climate of unease about the dollar's strength. In fact, the dealers are merely reacting to market forces. They examine the economic fundamentals and take business decisions which are designed to make money. They serve a function.

Youle is rabid on that point. "Politicians are a very screwy lot," he says. "If things go against a politician, then they'll look everywhere for a scapegoat. They'll blame the dealers, the market, the workers, whatever. They'll never, ever blame themselves."

He insists that dealers do not speculate, they are not running casinos. "If someone imports 1000 Toyota cars from Japan and then delays payment [*in yen*] for these cars, it could cost them an arm and a leg," he says. "But if the exchange rate's going to increase in terms of Australian currency, to wait could *save* them an arm and a leg." The importer, he explains, needs advice on whether to buy yen now or later. "These are meaningful decisions. Where do they go? They don't go to Keating to ask for opinions. They don't go to Hawke. They come to us, because that's the nature of our job. We're supposed to know something about this bloody strange business, and I think we do."

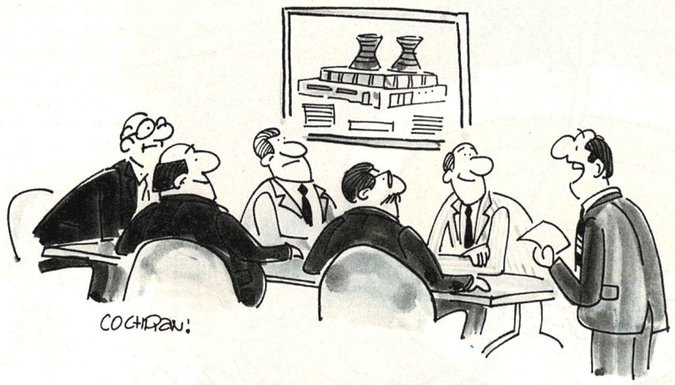
Certainly, the opinions of dealers, economists and other experts as reported in the media play an important part in the psychology of the market. Elliott points to a large London *Times* article last July that drew a doom-and-gloom picture of the Oz dollar, using forex dealers for sources. That same morning, the dollar dropped 100 points (a full cent) in the first half-hour of trading. Who's to blame? The dealers, the economists, the politicians, the media?

If a dealer can indeed have a big impact on the market, it's more likely to come in a very rare circumstance, which nonetheless has occurred. This is when a dealer brings down his own bank, through an excess of pride and enthusiasm. It might happen like this: In a volatile market, the dealer sells $5 million and the exchange rate falls away suddenly. He has lost big money on the deal but, because he's worried about his own job security, he doesn't tell the chief dealer. The rate goes down again, so the dealer sells another $5 million, doubling up his position in hopes of driving the rate back up so he can sell again, and wipe out the losses with a big profit. Of course, selling at his low rate averages out to, say, a $100,000 loss on the two transactions. Then, despite his strategy, the rate drops again. Doggedly, the dealer sells yet another $5 million, averaging out now to a $200,000 loss. Nevertheless, the rate hasn't risen by the day's end and the desperate dealer hides his position in the "bottom of the drawer", hoping the rate will rise overnight. Instead it drops, and he's now a half-million bucks underwater. Finally, he goes to the chief, who tells him to cut the loss. The dealer's career is finished, and the bank isn't looking too healthy, either.

As Youle puts it, "One small crack in the team concept that isn't revealed to the chief dealer can rapidly expand."

Dealers aren't allowed to play the market for themselves. Their potential for doing damage to the bank is probably strong enough without an added incentive of personal profit. But despite all this, dealers do stress their own professionalism. They're tired of being called cowboys, and it's easy to see why. They make multi-million dollar decisions in matters of seconds, and do it many times a day. In an age of, excuse the pun, chronic buck-passing, indecision and bank clerk mentality, these men and women are instantaneous thinkers, gutsy, informed. Although they're all highly numerate, many of them never went to university. If the strain of their work tells on them in an excess of premature heart attacks and stories of "burn-out" by age 35, it only adds to the mystique. Yet they're no-bullshit types who for the most part don't put on airs, earn big salaries and have a reputation for partying hard.

No wonder they're vilified by the banking establishment. Who else in the world of money exercises so much power with so little pretension?



"Okay, say we experience a total meltdown and 300,000 people die. That leaves us approximately 100,000 customers. We triple their rates and we're back on our feet again."

REVVIN' DEVIN

Talented Devin de Vasquez has her eye on new horizons.

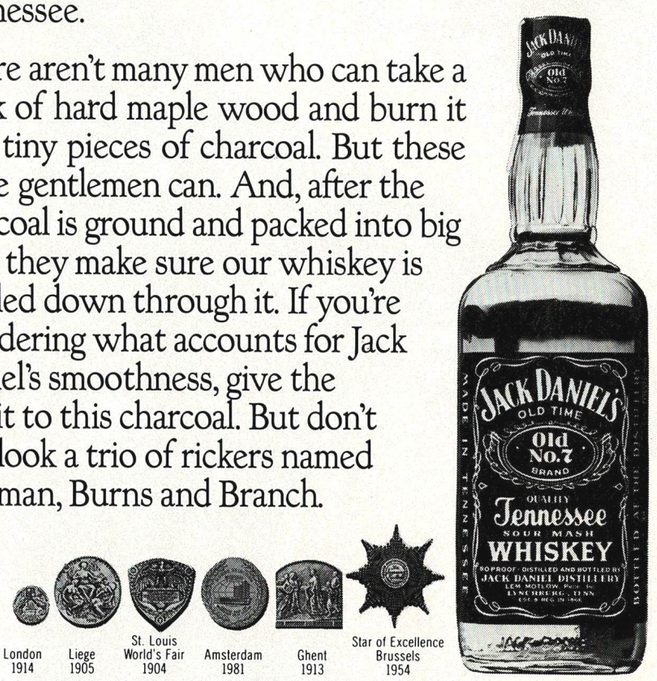
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

In our July 1985 issue we brought you a rather delicious pictorial of a certain Devin de Vasquez. She was such a hot and sexy young lady we had no choice but to call her spread Daring Devin. Reader reaction was tremendous and we had a feeling that wouldn't be the last we'd hear of the divine Miss de Vasquez. We were right. After a pile of promotional work for PLAYBOY, Devin made it to Chicago and on to the American version of the popular Star Search talent show.

Devin is a natural in front of the cameras. She's very feminine, very poised. And no one except Devin was surprised when she won the Star Search spokesmodel category. "I was self-conscious. . . and so nervous," she says. The audience, and the judges, thought otherwise, and now Devin has an enviable career in front of her as an actress and talk-show hostess. Devin says there are a lot of projects in the air, including the possibility of a part in the top-rating Miami Vice. But this sudden fame has not gone to Devin's very pretty head. "You're only as good as the last thing you did," she says. "Being in PLAYBOY *was special. Winning Star Search was special. Now I'm on to other things." And, knowing Devin de Vasquez, they will be special, too.*

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



London 1914 · Liege 1905 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Amsterdam 1981 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

SKIN *(continued from page 76)*

will whisk perspiration away from your feet. Common-sense cleanliness — a shower and thorough drying after exercise — should do the trick, but if you're still troubled by odor or nervous sweating, use talcum.

PROBLEM AREAS

Acne is primarily a genetically and hormonally caused affliction, with men more apt to suffer severe cases than women. Diet has long been a scapegoat, but current research has shown that food shouldn't be accorded the lion's share of blame. Everyone reacts differently to specific foods; chocolate or seafood, to name two of the oft-blamed, may trigger a reaction in one person but not another. (Coffee, alcohol, tea and spicy foods, however, have been credited of late with inducing *acne rosacea,* or adult acne.)

It's difficult to convince acne-sufferers that overdoing treatment exacerbates their problem, because a "more is better" thinking prevails here to an insidious degree — if some washing or drying agent works, then more will mean a faster cure. But too much drying traps the infection under your skin. Since the oil and debris cannot exude through the pores, they spread around underneath. And scrubbing too hard or too frequently can break pustules open and spread the bacteria.

Bathroom surgery, or pore-squeezing, is also a sure-fire way to push the bacteria deeper. Keep your hands off your face! Consult a dermatologist for proper treatment, which could be oral antibiotics, topical treatments or anti-inflammatory injections. If your problem is severely cystic, ask him or her about Accutane, an oral treatment related to Vitamin A which has had remarkable results as a cure.

THE SEXUAL CONNECTION

There's quite a debate raging over how much stress and emotional well-being have to do with skin, and while it may vary from person to person, I've seen too many cases in which a divorce, severe job pressure or other personal trauma reflected directly in the way a man looked.

There have been experiments in which groups with skin problems were divided equally, with half being sent to dermatologists and half to psychologists — and *both groups* demonstrated equal recovery rates. I've also noticed that men who embark on a healthy and happy sex life and satisfying personal relationships can actually correct a skin problem. Carry yourself with a good attitude, learn to handle stress, and keep reaffirming that you're attractive. It will not only work wonders for your skin, it will bolster your entire demeanor and sense of self-confidence.

Just what you want for Christmas. (Even if you have to buy it yourself.)

Exciting new directions in men's signet rings. Styled to make a statement in 9ct gold or sterling silver. Here's just a few from our range.

Angus & Coote

The last words in Jewellers since 1895

Dunklings

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Just what you want for Christmas. (Even if you have to buy it yourself.)

Exclusive designer styles from Seiko. Distinctive and different with enduring quality, good looks that last. And there's more good news! When you buy a watch from us it comes with some very special extras: our money back guarantee; free first battery replacement; our expert watch repair service; an enormous range to select from and the assurance that comes from knowing you're dealing with a company that watch buyers have relied on since 1895.

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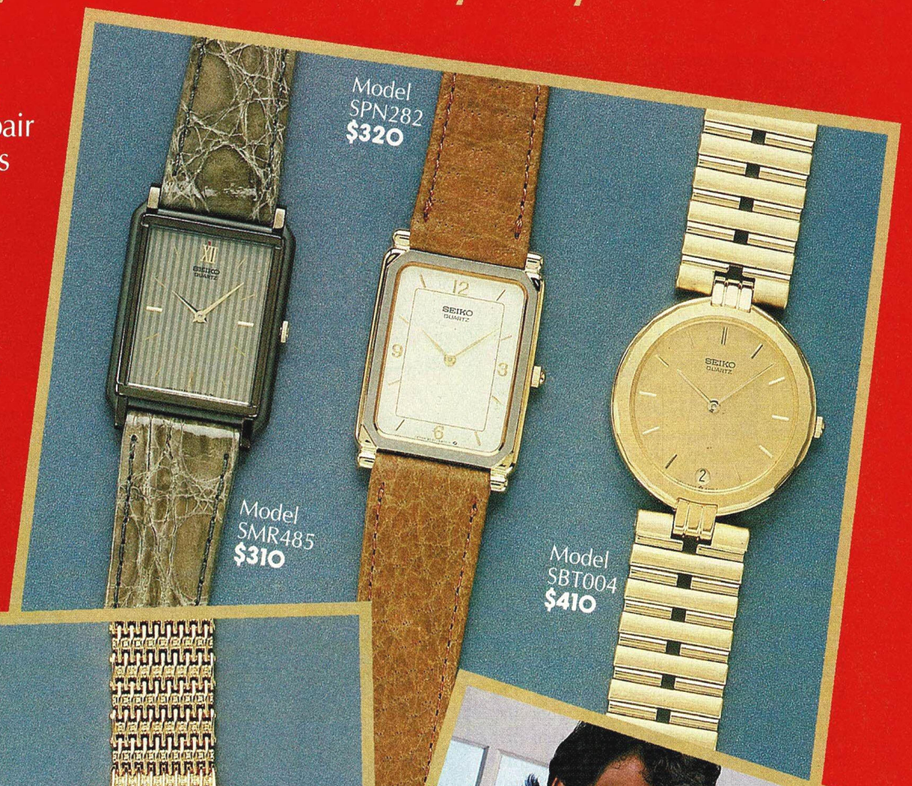
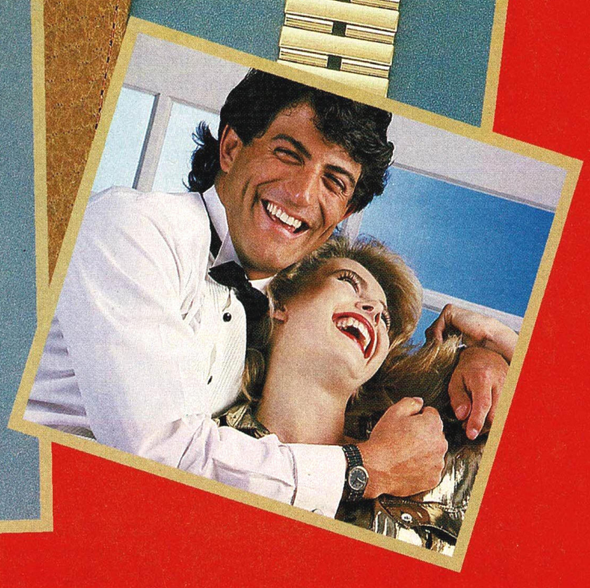
Dunklings

Rundles

Watches available at Angus & Coote Centrepoint, Royal Arcade, Queen Street (Brisbane) and Dunklings Bourke Street. Orders taken at our other stores.

Just what you want for Christmas. (Even if you have to buy it yourself.)





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SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

GETTING IT UP — SCIENTIFICALLY

At long last, some good news from the field of medical science for all those men who have ever found themselves trying to will back a lost erection. Up to now there has been any amount of sexual counselling for those agonising over their failure to get it up at the crucial moment, but as sufferers well know, the erectile process is an elusive and mysterious one which requires a great deal of tender love and care before confidence is restored (which is usually what it's all about). But it's not only laymen who are confused; scientists are still struggling to understand what physical processes are actually taking place within man's miraculous organ during tumescence.

Basically it's known that the following factors are necessary before an erection can occur:

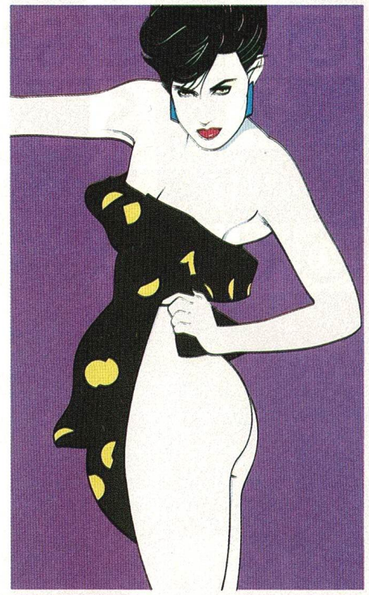
(i) increased blood-flow through the arteries of the penis;
(ii) decreased blood outflow through the veins;
(iii) swelling of the normally contracted spongy bodies (sinusoids) inside the penis.

Scientists now believe that the smooth muscle in the penis which surrounds the walls of the blood vessels, as well as the framework of the spongy bodies, also plays a key part in the mysterious mechanism. During sexual arousal the smooth muscle relaxes, possibly due to the release of a nerve stimulator known as vasoactive intestinal polypeptide (VIP). This allows the walls of the small arteries to swell, and more blood to flow to the penis. Then the spongy substances compress the veins, stopping blood outflow. The result: a full erection.

But the crunch is that these same scientists succeeded in studying the erection process by inducing it artificially with a chemical substance called papaverine hydrochloride, a non-narcotic by-product of the poppy which imitates the action of VIP. By injecting it into the spongy bodies of the penis, urologists were actually able to stimulate an erection which, after causing the patient some burning feeling for a few minutes, reached its full extent in five to ten minutes and lasted typically anything from 30 minutes to three hours. The duration of the erection and rigidity of the penis were related to the dosage, although after a certain point increased dosage had no effect.

Urologists using these drugs have to be careful, however, in order to avoid priapism, a condition where the erection simply doesn't subside! This isn't as desirable as it sounds — erections lasting more than 12 hours can cause irreversible damage to penile tissue. When priapism occurs, the trapped blood has to be released by a surgical procedure.

Despite this, the possibilities for exploiting the use of papaverine are considerable. Urologists are using it to find out the causes of failure to get an erection, by sorting out whether it is caused by physical or psychological problems. Gradually researchers are also beginning to use it to treat erectile problems. Sometimes it can be used simply to reassure a man with psychological impotence that he can function normally. "If a man can be shown that everything is working," says Tom Lue of the University



of California, "he gains the necessary confidence to function sexually without papaverine."

At another American clinic, the Bellevue Centre in Washington, papaverine is being used to help impotent single males gain confidence in sexual relationships. These men often don't have partners who are able to work with them on a conventional sex therapy program. The men are given the drug, which they inject themselves with just prior to having sex. Clinic co-ordinator Denise Kramer-Levien was surprised to find the men were willing to do this: "We have been surprised at the numbers of males who are willing to use injection. This is an indication of how anxious they are to have something work." She has found it isn't hard for the men to inject themselves without their partners being aware of what's going on: "Many will inject themselves in a bathroom; it takes five to ten minutes for the drug to take effect. During this time the couple are engaged in foreplay and thus the development of an erection seems a normal process to the female partners."

Only a small number of men with psychologically based erectile problems have been tested with the drug so far. Its use has primarily been for men who have some problem with abnormal penile nerves. If the blood supply is normal, papaverine can be injected, bypassing the nerves and artificially inducing an erection. The drug has helped men with multiple sclerosis and spinal cord injury as well as some men with arterial diseases, although in the latter case the erections usually aren't as rigid and don't last as long as when there is normal bloodflow. Clinical tests have shown a success rate of between 50 and 70 percent.

THE AIDS INK BLOT

AIDS. The disease is like an ink blot, a Rorschach test revealing so much about our attitudes, our feelings about sexuality, homosexuality and morality. It has brought out the worst in our society, revealing poisonous prejudices against homosexuals, with anti-gay crusaders rubbing their hands with glee at the punishment the sinners are now receiving for their affront on masculinity. Amid the hysteria and distortion, good things have happened: governments (particularly the Victorian State Government) willing to take the risk of publicly supporting gay groups, some responsible media reports designed to enlighten rather than muck-rake, the dedication, energy, and responsibility shown by homosexuals and heterosexuals alike, in attempting to deal rationally with the issues and find ways of helping the victims.

But while there are heterosexuals and homosexuals who both help and hinder, it is a group which straddles both societies which places us all at risk — bisexual males. The gay community has always been aware that gay bars and meeting places attract not only homosexuals but bisexuals (often married men who see the gay world as a source of readily available free sex). Many of these men would not define themselves as homosexual and often feel very little real attraction toward their own sex. It is the accessibility of hassle-free sex which attracts them (or used to attract them) to gay meeting places. These "bisexual" males are often loath to admit to their illicit

encounters in the homosexual world and deny, even to themselves, that such adventures took place.

Now that AIDS has entered the scene, such men pose a very real threat. They are inaccessible to the attempts at education/counselling within the homosexual community; they do not see themselves as gay and hence do not read gay literature, safe-sex pamphlets etc. Many now live in fear of having contracted the AIDS virus but as apparent heterosexual males are extremely reluctant to subject themselves to tests and risk exposing their hidden lives.

For the woman married to or living with such a man, AIDS is now forcing her to come to terms with suspicions she may have had about her husband's dual sexuality. Although some women are totally unaware of their husband's bisexuality, there are many others who in the past simply chose not to know. A support group is now being established to help such women deal with the effects of AIDS on their relationships and lives. The group is being established through the Sydney STD Centre (02 223 1771) which has had to provide support and counselling for many female partners of homosexual and bisexual males since the AIDS issue surfaced. As you would imagine, it is very difficult for women in this situation to know where to go for accurate information about their chances of contracting the disease, the risks to friends and children, for help in dealing with emotional issues: possible feelings of betrayal, fear, distrust, jealousy and rejection, particularly when they first learn of or begin to suspect their partner's homosexual behavior.

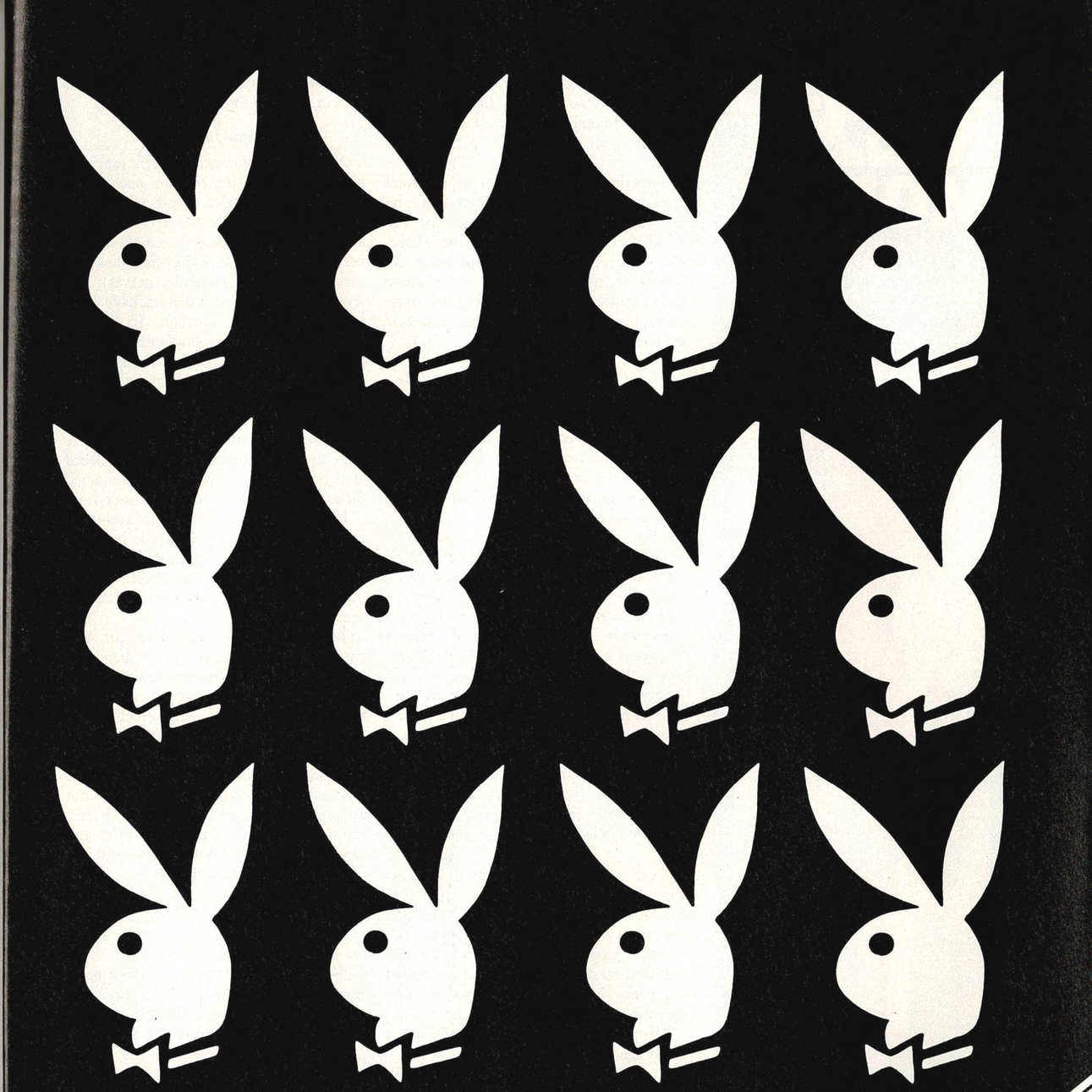
PHONE FANTASIES

You may have noticed advertisments in some Australian magazines and even suburban newspapers offering telephone sex, or dial-a-fantasy. It's still small business in Australia, but in the USA fantasy phone sex has been around for 15 years. Recently a paper was presented at the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex (based in San Diego) discussing questions about this intriguing service, such as: Who dials the numbers? Who answers? And when they answer, what do they say?

Nicki Berke, owner of Dial-A-Friend, a moderate-sized service in San Francisco, explained that fantasy phone sex is used mostly by men, both straight and gay:

Female callers are rare, as are couples. The calls are usually answered by women, although many services also have male facilitators. Some, catering to gays, have an all-male staff.

Each week an estimated 40,000 calls are placed to phone sex businesses in the US and Canada. With each call costing $35-$45, it's a multi-million dollar business. Calls can be charged to MasterCard or Visa or prepaid by cheque or money order.



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Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

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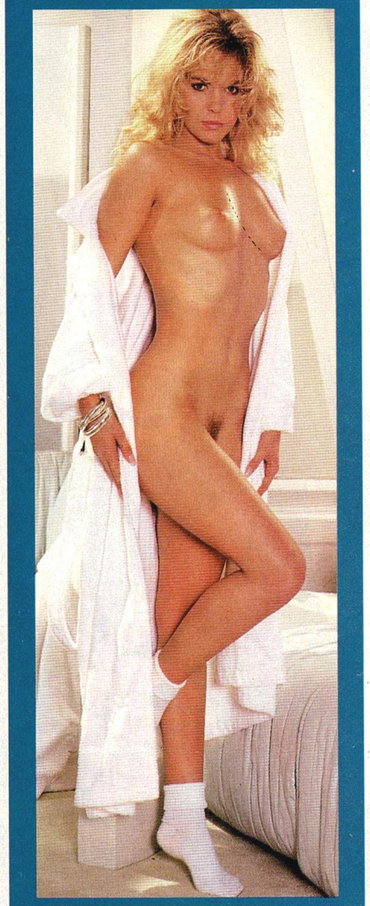
NEXT MONTH

THE KIDS OF ROCK'N'ROLL STARS SOUND OFF ABOUT THEIR FAMOUS PARENTS.



PLAYMATE REVIEW: VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE 1986 CENTREFOLD.

DIARY OF A SEDUCTION: A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF THE PERFECT EVENING FOR TWO.

YOUR FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP: YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF.

Dial-A-Friend, started over four years ago, usually has between 10-20 "facilitators" talking to a total of over 3000 repeat clients.

Sometimes the conversations are total fantasy, with the facilitator pretending to be the reluctant maiden, perhaps, or the wicked seductress, the sadist, the whore. The caller is in control, explaining the fantasy of his choosing with a passionate and enthusiastic partner. Berke finds some callers use phone sex to add balance to their sex lives:

For 15 months, one man called Dial-A-Friend to talk about his seductive wife and her frequent sexual escapades with younger men. When asked if it were really true, he replied, "No way! My wife is as straight as an arrow, and I love her very much. It's a way of getting away. Sometimes life gets a little too humdrum."

For others, phone sex apparently provides opportunity to reveal distressing problems. When one man called, his fantasies invariably focused on ejaculating during intercourse, something he did not experience in real life. After many repeated calls, he discussed his problem with the facilitator, who made a few suggestions and referred him and his wife to a local sex therapist. The therapist worked with them, successfully eliminating the problem. Berke believes that people who call to discuss sexual issues are not the same people who typically seek counselling. "For some," she says, "phone sex is an intermediate step that leads to therapy."

Berke has surveyed callers to Dial-A-Friend, receiving a 90 percent response to the 1000 surveys she mailed out. She found the callers who responded tended to be mid-to-upper income professionals who are able to afford the substantial fee plus the cost of the phone call, which is frequently long distance.

Most were married (75 percent), in the 20-39 age group (82 percent).

According to Berke, telephone sex has its advantages. It's easily available, avoids exposure to sexually transmitted diseases, the caller needn't worry about performance anxiety nor experience guilt about betraying his partner. The popularity of this type of service is such that it even managed to rate a mention in the recently released report of the US Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, which included a recommendation that the Federal Communications Commission impose sanctions against providers of "obscene Dial-a-Porn telephone services". Despite the commission's plea, the services don't seem under threat at present as the commission's report has generally been discredited, and it seems unlikely that the government will act on the recommendations. So, Dial-A-Friend, or Dial-a-Porn, however you view it, is likely to remain a thriving business, both in America and here in Australia.

ERECTION PACEMAKER

Another development which may aid impotent men is the erection pacemaker. The idea is to induce an erection by the nerves which control the erectile mechanism. If an electrode is placed around the nerves which control penile blood flow (the cavernous and/or pudendal nerves), low levels of electrical stimulation have been shown to result in erection. So far, the researchers have only implanted erection pacemakers in monkeys. At the University of California in San Francisco the erection pacemakers produced "more-than-adequate" monkey erections in 10 out of 12 of the monkeys studied (the failures were due to an infection and a displaced electrode) and the erections were maintained for as long as the stimulation continued.

It's early days yet, but the urologists concerned believe that electrode implantation is feasible in humans. Some preliminary research involving electrical stimulation of cavernous nerves in men has had some success.

The most likely conditions for this particular development will be men with spinal cord injuries who have healthy penile nerves and penile blood supplies. Most of those men can have reflex erections — erections resulting from stimulation of the genitals or surrounding areas. Reflex erections do not result in pleasurable physical sensations for the injured man but are often psychologically satisfying. Reflex erections are, however, usually brief and cannot normally be maintained — and it is here that the pacemaker may help.

MORE SEX, LESS GOUT

Gout. The disease conjures up an image of a hobbling, middle-aged man with bulbous nose, and red velvet smoking jacket painfully paying the price for excessive consumption of the good life. Rich food and alcohol, yes, but it turns out that other aspects of the good life, namely sex, may in fact protect from gout rather than induce it. Dr T.G.C. Murrell, from the University of Adelaide's Department of Community Medicine, has found that regular sexual activity depresses uric acid levels and hence reduces the likelihood of gout. Murrell suggests that there is "germinal" tissue loss during ejaculation and, since germinal tissue contains large concentrations of nucleic acid, the more ejaculations a man experiences, the less acid is left in the kidney to cause problems.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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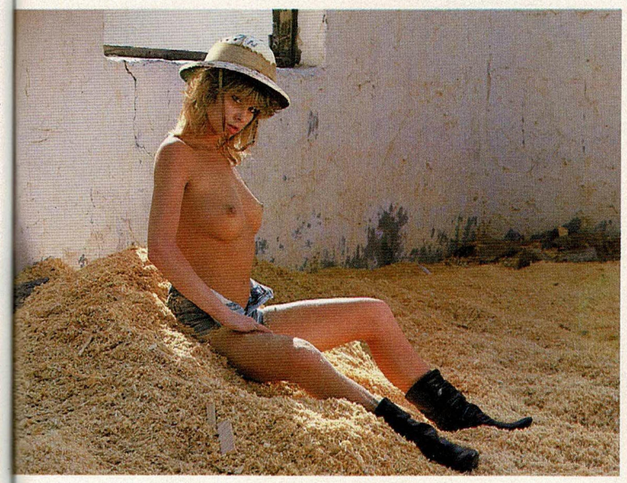
Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

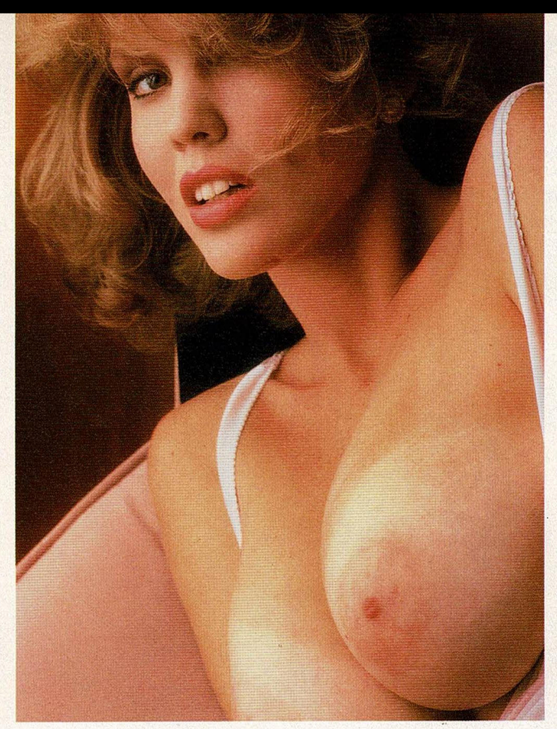
The pictorial at pages 85-91 was replaced by Sex in Cinema article.

With another sizzling Aussie summer in full swing, we couldn't resist planning Coral Hampstead's pictorial around the sun, sea and sand. And Coral didn't require any urging to get on down to the beach, to shake off the winter blues, get sand between her toes and feel the golden sun all over her beautiful body. "There's no feeling like it," she says. "Frolicking on the beach in the nude is a terrific sensation. And then going skinnydipping in the cool water. . . it's very, very sexy."



Coral has been a professional model for several years and she has posed for various magazine spreads and several calendars. "I love the idea of being a pin-up girl," says Coral. "Recently I drove into a petrol station in a country town and there was a calendar with my face on it hanging on the workshop wall. That was a real buzz. And when I told the attendant that it was me, he got so excited he didn't even charge me for the petrol!"

She loves driving her nippy little sports car, spending as much time as possible outdoors, and watching her male friends play cricket on Sunday afternoons. "Sport is a big thing with me," explains Coral. "I am attracted to men who play a lot of sport. I especially find cricketers attractive. There's something about tanned skin and cricket whites that really turns me on." And has she been bowled over by anyone special yet? "Still looking. . ." she laughs.

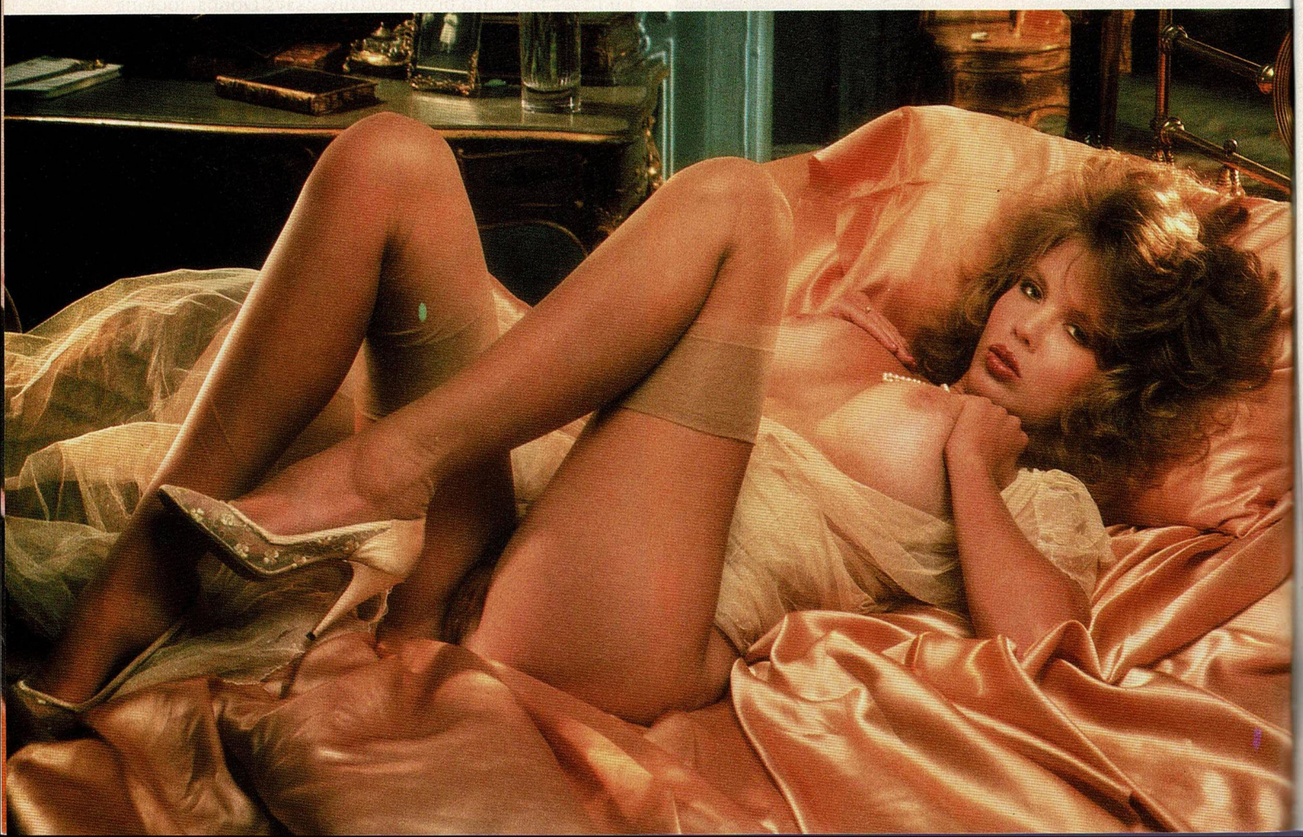


According to Donna Edmondson — Miss December and a newly licensed real estate agent — the difference between a house and a home is simple. "The home is what everyone dreams of having," she says, "and the house is what everyone dreads buying." Is that an old saying, we ask. "Nah," laughs Donna. "I just made it up."

"I was really tempted to put AVAILABLE on the sign instead of SOLD," says Donna, referring to the shot on her data sheet. "Why? Because I'm available!"

"I'd never modelled professionally," says Donna, looking every bit the natural, "and then suddenly I'm a Playmate. I even set a record by doing my centrefold in one day. In the world of real estate that's known as an on-the-spot sale!"

On the subject of men, Donna admits a certain lack of experience. "Men are wonderful," she practically whispers, "but I haven't really let one so close to me that we can talk about sex the way some girls do. Virginity isn't something you discuss. I'm not ashamed of still having mine, mind you. It's just not something I really want to talk about — except with the man who takes it away from me. I thought about that when I posed for my layout — imagining the sort of sex I'll have *one day*. I don't know when or where it will happen. But I do know it will be with a man whom I trust, somebody I know and love. And if he loves me right back and the time is right. . ." She smiles. "I can't wait to find out what he looks like."

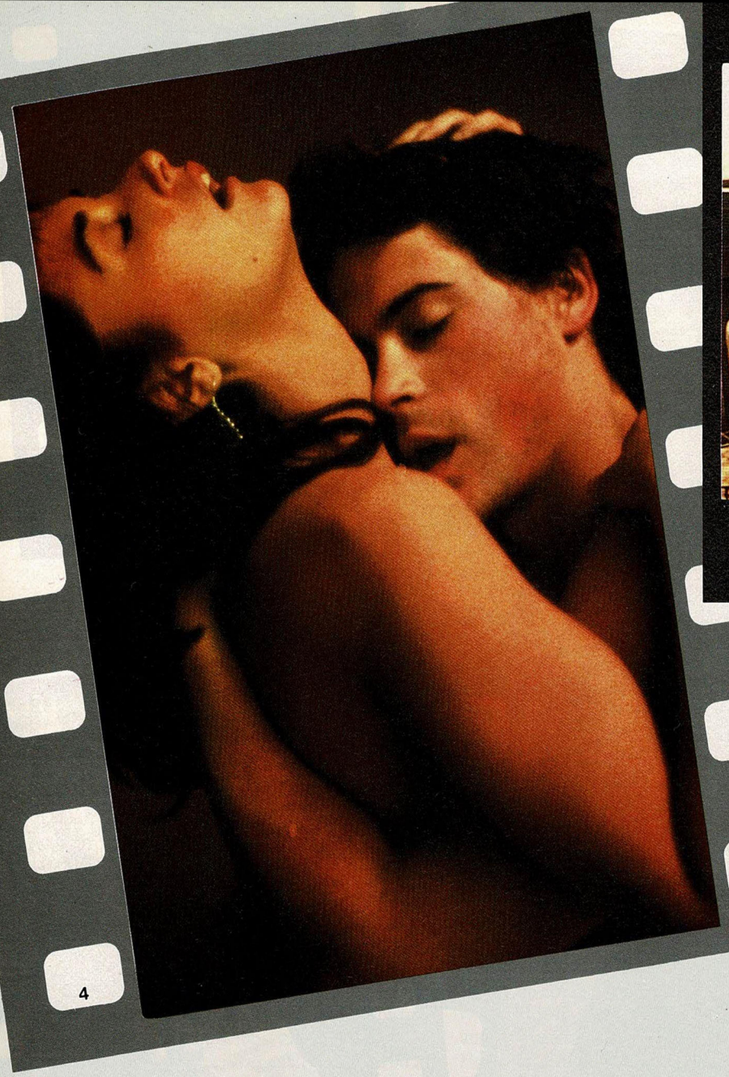


SEX IN THE CINEMA

What sizzled in '86

by **Graham Barry** and **Bruce Williamson**

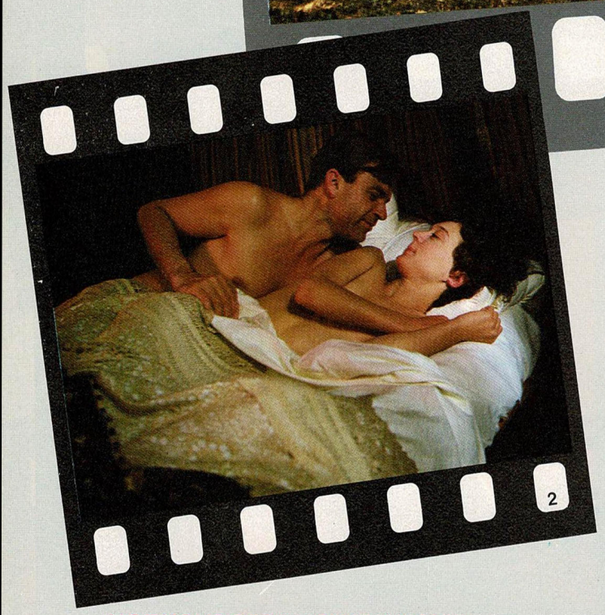
As the United States trembled in the icy blast of the Meese Commission into pornography, in the aptly labelled Year of the Prig, the Land of Oz remained relatively unscathed. America turned a cold shoulder to a butchered version of what was billed as the year's hottest movie, *9½ Weeks*, but we were treated to the supposedly complete version which broke box office records in Italy. But while the movie accordingly did relatively good business here, the difference apparently amounted to two scenes which were nastier rather than naughtier than the rest, with Mickey Rourke forcing Kim Basinger to crawl across the floor picking up paper money, and another in which he challenges her to a possibly deadly game of pill-swallowing. The distinct lack of continuity left one to suspect that much more had ended up on the cutting-room floor, and readers looking at these erotic clips of Rourke and Basinger could be forgiven for anticipating something much hotter than what was actually on screen. As it turned out the horniest scene showed Kim having sex all on her own.



LOVE AMERICAN STYLE: Despite the wowsers, US moviemakers somehow managed to depict the varied sexual styles of the '80s. Professor Alan Alda dallies with actress Michelle Pfeiffer in *Sweet Liberty* while she reads between the lines (1); Australian PLAYBOY's Feb 1984 Playmate Penny Baker is one of the temptations facing Treat Williams, in *The Men's Club* (2); everything, including the relationship of counterfeiter Willem Dafoe and Debra Feuer (offscreen, Mrs Mickey Rourke) is tarnished in *To Live And Die In LA* (3); although the best thing going for *About Last Night* was the brilliant dialogue of James Belushi and Elizabeth Perkins, stars Rob Lowe and Demi Moore certainly looked prettier (4), especially in their frequent nude scenes in bed, in the shower, even in the kitchen prowling around naked looking for a midnight snack. Whether the original title of *Sexual Perversity In Chicago*, which offended advertisers stateside, would have been more appropriate is a moot point.

RISING EXPECTATIONS: Despite a glut of cheap shot-on-video porn some X-film makers continued to insist on a quality look. Director Chuck Vincent describes his *Voyeur*, with Stephen Reynolds, Sherry St Clair and Anthony Casino (1), as an adult *Rear Window*. Australia's contribution to the soft-core market, *Leonora* ("A Tale Of Sexual Bewitchment"), while aiming squarely at the video market, relied for its impact on a mixture of black magic and sex, with witch Angela Menzies-Wills, whose stunning pictorial appeared in Australian PLAYBOY in May 1984, weaving her spells on a variety of clients (2, 3).

1



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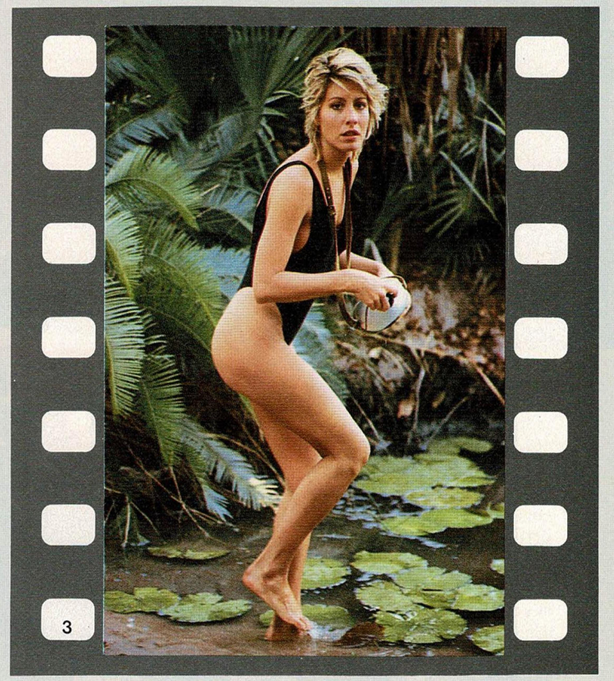

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NOT YOUR ORDINARY SEX MOVIE: *A Room With A View*, the most universally acclaimed movie of the year and incidentally one of the hottest box office items world-wide, also contained the least expected and funniest flash of nudity, when heroine Helena Bonham Carter, together with fiance (Daniel Day Lewis) and mother (Rosemary Leach), on a casual stroll through the woods, spring the vicar, her brother and her ardent suitor George (Julian Sands) gambolling naked in a sylvan pool (1). Another classic to hit the screen, this time from Australia, was *For Love Alone*, which had international star Sam Neill as James Quick enjoying the charms of the free-spirited Teresa, played by Helen Buday (2). And in Australia's greatest domestic box-office smash of all time, our own *Crocodile Dundee*, American visitor Linda Koslowski didn't get quite so much of her gear off but probably got an even greater shock when a crocodile surprised her out paddling (3).

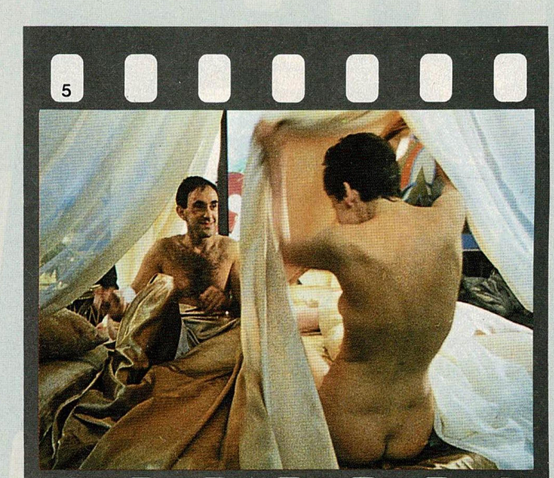
1

2

3

4

DEVILS, PSYCHOS AND ASSORTED NIGHTMARES: A sensational Italo-French remake of *Devil In The Flesh* starred Federico Pitzalis and Maruschka Detmers (1), who reportedly got thoroughly into and off on their work. But by the weirdest coincidence Australia also produced a version of the same story, with Keith Smith as the precocious schoolboy who goes to bed with a young artist's model, played by Louise Elvin (2) when his married lover, Katia Caballero, goes off to visit her husband, an Italian internee during World War II. *A Nightmare On Elm Street Part II: Freddy's Revenge* treated audiences to a bit of demonic possession, as Mark Patton, inhabited by Freddy, longs for girlfriend Kim Myers (3). The joint's still jumping at the Bates Motel in *Psycho III* for Juliette Cummins and Jeff Fahey (4), although those who remember Hitchcock's version will wish Anthony Perkins hadn't bothered. But the greatest flights of fancy occur in Terry Gilliam's over-the-top *Brazil*, described by one reviewer as "half-dream, half-nightmare". In the scene shown (5), Jonathan Pryce and his dream girl, Kim Griest, play peekaboo between the sheets.



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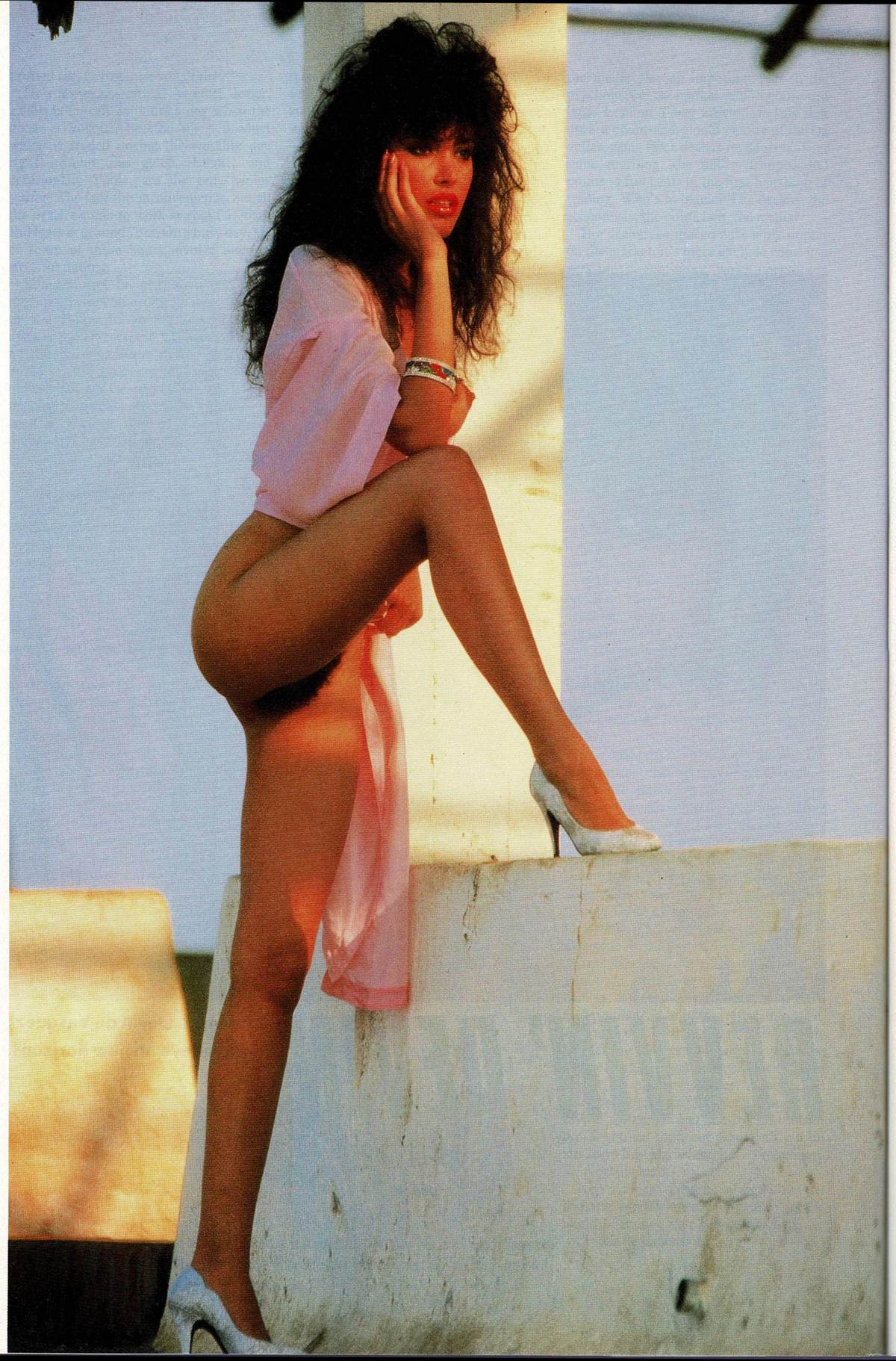
AUTO-EROTICISM: Although the principal story-line of the hilarious summer hit *Ruthless People* revolves around the kidnapping of Bette Midler by a hapless couple wearing duck masks (Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (1), a fertile subplot involves the videotaping of some hanky-panky between a public official (William G. Schilling) and a hooker (Jeannie Bisignano) in a parked car on Lovers' Lane (2). Matters get even more complicated (3) when Anita Morris, mistress of Bette's husband (Danny DeVito), believes the tape actually shows him murdering his missing wife. All comes clear when Morris and *her* stud, Bill Pullman, inadvertently plug the tape into all the monitors in a video store (4).



In our July 1985 issue we brought you a rather delicious pictorial of a certain Devin de Vasquez. She was such a hot and sexy young lady we had no choice but to call her spread Daring Devin. Reader reaction was tremendous and we had a feeling that wouldn't be the last we'd hear of the divine Miss de Vasquez. We were right. After a pile of promotional work for PLAYBOY, Devin made it to Chicago and on to the American version of the popular Star Search talent show.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

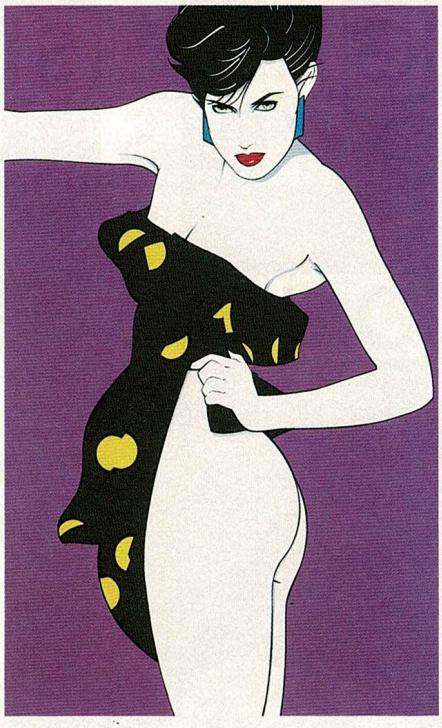
I am in my mid-thirties, have been married for nearly 10 years and have two beautiful children. I love my wife and family very much and enjoy spending my time with them. I'm not one for going to pubs or discos, when I could be home with my family. My wife and I enjoy a reasonable sex life. I enjoy my job, I work very hard at it, and I hold a senior and responsible position. I have a religious upbringing and go to church on the odd occasion. To look at me, you would think I was a very successful pillar of society.

But that's where it ends. I have had a problem for a number of years — since I was 18 in fact. I have this constant desire to cruise the streets looking for prostitutes. Some years ago, I gave up the street girls, but still get a desire to look them over occasionally. I go only to the better massage parlors. Obviously, this is an expensive habit, but fortunately I have the income to support it. However, as I get older, I am beginning to realise there will be more demands on my income, such as school fees, and my spending habits are getting to the point where, if I am not careful, I will blow all my money on loose women. I hate to think how much better off I would be if I hadn't wasted all that money over the years. So far, my spending habits and my sexual preferences have not caused a problem with my marriage, but there have been a number of close calls recently. Fortunately, I have been able to talk my way out of these difficult situations, but one day soon I'm sure I will come unstuck in a big way. I could lose everything I've worked so hard for.

— S.B., Vic.

I have discussed your problem with one of my colleagues, a psychiatrist who has treated a number of men in your situation. He has found that sometimes the compulsion to visit prostitutes is related to a man's inability to have sex with someone he loves and respects. This is more likely to occur in men who have been brought up to regard sex as wicked or sinful. They often have great difficulty in overcoming their feelings of guilt even within the context of marriage and find true sexual release only by paying for sex with a stranger. It is more common for this type of ambivalence to strike "pillars of society" — men, often with a religious background, who place great value on respectability. Sex is basically pretty earthy stuff and men who get locked into madonna/whore type of thinking about women often have trouble establishing an uninhibited relationship with their wives. You haven't told me much about your marriage other than the fact you enjoy a "reasonable sex life". It may be that the "reasonable" sex life leaves you dissatisifed, particularly if your encounters with prostitutes include a far greater range of exotic sexual activities. I wonder whether it would be possible for you to look more carefully at your relationship with your wife. Perhaps she is rather inhibited *because* of your attitudes or at least the way you present them. I can't imagine having much fun with a pillar of society — in normal life you do sound rather formidable! Perhaps she would like a more adventurous sex life too but is afraid of suggesting anything new.

I would suggest you consult someone in Melbourne who can help you sort through these issues. There may be some quite



different reasons for your obsession with prostitutes and I do feel you need professional help to try to pin these down. With any sort of sexual compulsion, it is possible to break the addiction with appropriate therapy. I would suggest you visit a behavioral therapist who could work with you controlling the problem (if you write again to me, I can make an appropriate referral). You are right in thinking you are placing your marriage (and your bank balance) in jeopardy while you pursue this compulsion, but you can be helped.

Our sex life is in tatters, which causes frustration and anxiety that spill over into all aspects of our lives. I am 36 and married to a woman I love very much. We have three children. In 10 years of marriage my wife and I have never enjoyed a totally fulfilling sexual relationship. There have, however, been sparks of hope in years gone by.

I suffer from premature ejaculation and my wife needs a good, long lovemaking session, which isn't too much to ask. I want nothing more than to be able to satisfy her. As an adolescent I had what I believe at the time was a problem with masturbation while at a catholic boarding school. I was a virgin on marrying at 26.

Apart from some infrequent exceptions, I cannot have intercourse for more than three or four minutes before I ejaculate in unspectacular fashion. In other words it is a frustrating fizzer. The exceptions referred to in previous years were when I had some self-esteem, confidence and alcohol in the system. But even alcohol won't block out the lack of confidence now. Mind you, in the past 12 months we have only attempted intercourse about three times.

I have seen two counsellors over the past four years. These people were suggested to me by doctors and I left both of them because in each case they suggested solving the problem by relaxation, which involved my wife and me undertaking relaxation techniques. My wife found these exercises frustrating for her because she was brought up to a plateau, then left without fulfilment. She also believed these exercises were aimed at a physical problem, whereas mine appears to be emotionally based, as shown by the alcohol treatment a few years ago.

So whatever I try I have to manage on my own. I would dearly like some help and would be grateful if you could suggest some reading material or counselling that might benefit.

— C.L., NSW.

I am surprised to hear that the counsellors you saw recommended relaxation. I'm not sure if you misinterpreted the advice you were given. Normally the program used for treating premature ejaculation involves teaching the man to identify the sensations associated with impending orgasm. He must learn to bring himself right up to that stage and then stop (usually with the aid of the "squeeze technique" where pressure is applied to the penis, just below the head or glans).

Essentially, this is a retraining program designed to teach the man to tune in to what's happening inside his body rather than allowing himself to become anxious about ejaculating too soon. It's a very effective program, provided it's taught by someone experienced in the area. I'll refer you to an appropriate person.

What really surprised me was that your counsellors didn't appear to advise you on

how to make sure your wife was not left unfulfilled. It is essential when you are trying to overcome such a problem your practice or homework sessions are kept separate from other lovemaking sessions deliberately designed to satisfy your partner.

Often intercourse will be banned by the therapist while the couple is working through exercises designed to help with a sexual problem. It is important that you don't continually test yourself to see if you are getting better. Every time you try to have sex when you haven't learnt to control ejaculation you are setting yourself up for further disappointment and failure.

But this does *not* mean you can't satisfy your partner — touching her clitoris or vagina — whatever method you prefer. This advice holds true for any man with a sexual problem: make sure you find some means of keeping your partner happy which does not depend on getting an erection or controlling ejaculation.

One final point: although the methods used to treat many sexual problems are based on exercises involving physical techniques, that doesn't mean they fail to deal with emotional aspects of the problem. A correctly administered treatment program will involve a great deal of discussion between the therapist and clients and between the couple about the emotional issues contributing to the problem.

GETTING IT UP — SCIENTIFICALLY

At long last, some good news from the field of medical science for all those men who have ever found themselves trying to will back a lost erection. Up to now there has been any amount of sexual counselling for those agonising over their failure to get it up at the crucial moment, but as sufferers well know, the erectile process is an elusive and mysterious one which requires a great deal of tender love and care before confidence is restored (which is usually what it's all about). But it's not only laymen who are confused; scientists are still struggling to understand what physical processes are actually taking place within man's miraculous organ during tumescence.

Basically it's known that the following factors are necessary before an erection can occur:

(i) increased blood-flow through the arteries of the penis;
(ii) decreased blood outflow through the veins;
(iii) swelling of the normally contracted spongy bodies (sinusoids) inside the penis.

Scientists now believe that the smooth muscle in the penis which surrounds the walls of the blood vessels, as well as the framework of the spongy bodies, also plays a key part in the mysterious mechanism. During sexual arousal the smooth muscle relaxes, possibly due to the release of a nerve stimulator known as vasoactive intestinal polypeptide (VIP). This allows the walls of

NEXT MONTH

THE KIDS OF ROCK'N'ROLL STARS SOUND OFF ABOUT THEIR FAMOUS PARENTS.

PLAYMATE REVIEW: VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE 1986 CENTREFOLD.

DIARY OF A SEDUCTION: A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF THE PERFECT EVENING FOR TWO.

YOUR FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP: YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF.

the small arteries to swell, and more blood to flow to the penis. Then the spongy substances compress the veins, stopping blood outflow. The result: a full erection.

But the crunch is that these same scientists succeeded in studying the erection process by inducing it artificially with a chemical substance called papaverine hydrochloride, a non-narcotic by-product of the poppy which imitates the action of VIP. By injecting it into the spongy bodies of the penis, urologists were actually able to stimulate an erection which, after causing the patient some burning feeling for a few minutes, reached its full extent in five to ten minutes and lasted typically anything from 30 minutes to three hours. The duration of the erection and rigidity of the penis were related to the dosage, although after a certain point increased dosage had no effect.

Urologists using these drugs have to be careful, however, in order to avoid priapism, a condition where the erection simply doesn't subside! This isn't as desirable as it sounds — erections lasting more than 12 hours can cause irreversible damage to penile tissue. When priapism occurs, the trapped blood has to be released by a surgical procedure.

Despite this, the possibilities for exploiting the use of papaverine are considerable. Urologists are using it to find out the causes of failure to get an erection, by sorting out whether it is caused by physical or psychological problems. Gradually researchers are also beginning to use it to treat erectile problems. Sometimes it can be used simply to reassure a man with psychological impotence that he can function normally. "If a man can be shown that everything is working," says Tom Lue of the University of California, "he gains the confidence to function sexually without papaverine."

At another American clinic, the Bellevue Centre in Washington, papaverine is being used to help impotent single males gain confidence in sexual relationships. These men often don't have partners who are able to work with them on a conventional sex therapy program. The men are given the drug, which they inject themselves with just prior to having sex. Clinic co-ordinator Denise Kramer-Levien was surprised to find the men were willing to do this: "We have been surprised at the numbers of males who are willing to use injection. This is an indication of how anxious they are to have something work." She has found it isn't hard for the men to inject themselves without their partners being aware of what's going on: "Many will inject themselves in a bathroom; it takes five to ten minutes for the drug to take effect. During this time the couple are engaged in foreplay and thus the development of an erection seems a normal process to the female partners."

Only a small number of men with psychologically based erectile problems have been tested with the drug so far. Its use has primarily been for men who have some problem with abnormal penile nerves. If the blood supply is normal, papaverine can be injected, bypassing the nerves and artificially inducing an erection. The drug has helped men with multiple sclerosis and spinal cord injury as well as some men with arterial diseases, although in the latter case the erections usually aren't as rigid and don't last as long as when there is normal bloodflow. Clinical tests have shown a success rate of between 50 and 70 percent.

MORE SEX, LESS GOUT

Gout. The disease conjures up an image of a hobbling, middle-aged man with bulbous nose, and red velvet smoking jacket painfully paying the price for excessive consumption of the good life. Rich food and alcohol, yes, but it turns out that other aspects of the good life, namely sex, may in fact protect from gout rather than induce it. Dr T.G.C. Murrell, from the University of Adelaide's Department of Community Medicine, has found that regular sexual activity depresses uric acid levels and hence reduces the likelihood of gout. Murrell suggests that there is "germinal" tissue loss during ejaculation and, since germinal tissue contains large concentrations of nucleic acid, the more ejaculations a man experiences, the less acid is left in the kidney to cause problems.

ERECTION PACEMAKER

Another development which may aid impotent men is the erection pacemaker. The idea is to induce an erection by the nerves which control the erectile mechanism. If an electrode is placed around the nerves which control penile blood flow (the cavernous and/or pudendal nerves), low levels of electrical stimulation have been shown to result in erection. So far, the researchers have only implanted erection pacemakers in monkeys. At the University of California in San Francisco the erection pacemakers produced "more-than-adequate" monkey erections in 10 out of 12 of the monkeys studied (the failures were due to an infection and a displaced electrode) and the erections were maintained for as long as the stimulation continued.

The most likely conditions for this particular development will be men with spinal cord injuries who have healthy penile nerves and penile blood supplies. Most of those men can have reflex erections — erections resulting from stimulation of the genitals or surrounding areas. Reflex erections do not result in pleasurable physical sensations for the injured man but are often psychologically satisfying.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.